The Outlook

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CONTENTS FOR 1 MAY, 1897

THE WEEK:

The Progress of the War 1
Australian Federation 2
The New Canadian Tariff Bill 3
William S. Hyman 3
A Bankruptcy Bill 4
Street Railway Problems 4
The Business Situation 5
The Civil Service Decision 5
State Legislation 6
New High-School Courses 6
Women as High-School Principals 7
Yale University Progress 8
Factory Conditions in the South 8
The Grant Memorial Day 9

EDITORIALS:

Direct Primaries 9
What We Can Do 11
The Real Standard 11
Forward, Not Backward 13
The Spectator 14

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Henry van Dyke: Teacher and Poet 18
Parental Responsibility 22
By Lucy E. Keeler
Paul Dunbar, the Negro Poet. With Three Poems by Mr. Dunbar 24
The Story of Gladstone's Life. Chapters XVI., XVII. 27
The Higher Life of Paris 47
By Charles Wagner
The Development of the Day Nursery Idea 61
By Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge
A Quest of Gray Shingles 68
By Charles H. Crandall
Poor Partner! 72
A Story by Octave Thanet

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Books of the Week 78
Literary Notes 82
Books Received 83

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

A Roman Catholic Jubilee 84
Christian Union 84
Progress in Fifty Years 84
Training Home for Christian Workers 85
Unitarianism in England 85
In India 85
Missionaries to the Latin Quarter 86

CORRESPONDENCE 87
NOTES AND QUERIES 88
FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE 89
THE HOME CLUB 91

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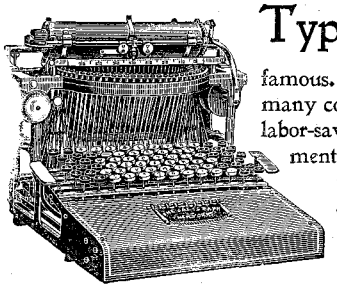

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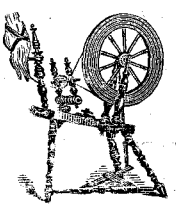

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The Outlook

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THE past week has made very clear the desperate character of the war upon which the Greeks have embarked against immense odds in numbers, equipment, and military resources of every kind. The strategy on each side has been obvious from the start. The Greeks ened, in their first irregular move- get through the mountain passes frontier before the Turks had time to take advantage of their position. They were handicapped by the unfairness of the Great Powers which are banded together to preserve the "integrity" of the Turkish Empire. The boundary between Thessaly and Macedonia proposed to the Berlin Congress of 1878 ran from a point on the Gulf of Salonica north of Mount Olympus to a point on the Albanian coast nearly opposite Corfu. This line would have been easy of defense for the Greeks, and the Powers accepted it; but Turkey declined to fall in with their decision, and, in obedience to the Turkish demand, the original boundary, which ran from the northeast corner of the Gulf of Arta to a point near the entrance of the Gulf of Volo, was allowed to remain. Sixteen years ago the boundary was finally settled by Turkey and the Great Powers without any reference to the demands of Greece, the latter country receiving but a small part of the territory which had been set apart for her by the Berlin Congress; and the frontier was so drawn as to make it very difficult of defense by the Greeks and very easy of access to the Turks.

❀

What the Greeks feared and the Turks planned for in this arrangement has been fully realized during the past two weeks. Every natural advantage has been on the side of the Turks, together with all the advantages of a much larger and much better-equipped army. The dash of the Greeks through the frontier was splendid, but it was against hopeless odds, and the last week has not only demonstrated the failure of that movement, but has brought the Turks well within the plains of Thessaly. The campaign in the east has centered mainly around the two passes of Miluna and Reveni, where the fighting has been stubborn and desperate. There are no more reckless fighters than the Turks, but it is so long since the Greeks have been engaged in actual warfare that there was some uncertainty as to the manner in which they would carry themselves. Their valor, however, is likely to make Reveni and Miluna as memorable in their future history as the pass of Thermopylæ. The main advance of the Turkish force has been through Miluna, and on Friday a desperate battle was fought at Mati, not far south of the Thessalian side of the pass. As a result of the battle the Greek army was driven back upon Larissa, its headquarters; and, being still further pushed, that town was abandoned, and at this writing the army has retreated to Pharsala, which is almost in a direct line south of Larissa, where a new line of defense is being rapidly established. The Greek spirit appears to be unbroken. In spite of the disasters of the week there has been no panic at Athens, and great confidence is expressed by the Greek Government in the outcome of the struggle.

❀

It is very probable that the present week will see the crisis of the struggle. The Greeks are hurrying every available man to the frontier, and the Turks are pressing forward with equal energy. There is still a body of Greeks on the northern side of the mountain chain in the neigh-

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borhood of Damasi, and this body, the dispatches assert, has been threatening Elassona, the Turkish headquarters. If the force is large enough to make a serious attempt upon Elassona, the invading Turkish army will be threatened by a movement in its rear which may place it in a very perilous position; but it is much more likely that the Greeks are in peril, because of the smallness of their force and the closing in of the Turkish armies. In the Gulf of Salonica and on the western shore of the Gulf of Arta the Greek fleets have been very active during the past week, shelling small towns held by the Turks, and destroying munitions of war of various kinds. By destroying military stations which are used by the Turks as bases of supplies, the Greek navy is inflicting very serious injury, and may do something to turn the tide of Turkish success. The report that a Greek fleet is going to make the attempt to pass through the Dardanelles is not credited. The waters of that strait are sown thick with torpedoes, and its shores are lined almost continuously with heavy batteries of modern guns. The Greeks are equal to any heroic and brilliant enterprise, but it is doubtful if they will attempt anything so desperate as this.

❀

What makes the outlook for Greece still more serious is the appearance at the seat of war of Osman Pasha, the greatest of the Turkish commanders, and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the century. Europe is very much puzzled by the sudden advent of Osman on the Greek frontier. Born in Asia Minor some time in the third decade of the century, studying the art of war in Constantinople, entering the cavalry service in 1854, distinguishing himself at a very early age, Osman Pasha had gained a large military experience and had shown very unusual military gifts before his supreme opportunity came in the Russo-Turkish war twenty years ago. In September, 1877, he defeated the allied Russian and Roumanian forces in one of the most severely contested battles of modern times. The siege of Plevna followed, and Osman's defense of that city was one of the most brilliant exploits of recent years. It established his reputation as a strategist and fighter of a very high order. On his return to Constantinople at the close of the war he was appointed Minister of War, and gained powerful influence over the Sultan. His position opened him, however, to the attacks of that group of men always to be found in the palace of every Sultan, who form a kind of kitchen cabinet, whose aim it is to discredit every able and intelligent public servant, and to control the Sultan for their own purposes. Osman was practically disgraced, and has been, to all intents and purposes, a State prisoner for many years past. Now Izzet Bey, the Sultan's favorite, and a man who is believed to have been one of the prime movers in the extinction of the Armenians, has been disgraced, and Osman Pasha has been sent to the frontier to take general command of the Turkish campaign against Greece. What this may mean as a matter of Turkish victory at Constantinople Europe is watching with a good deal of curiosity. Meanwhile, the sympathy of the Christian world with the Greeks in their desperate struggle grows more and more marked. Contributions of money are being sent freely to aid the Greek cause; prayers were offered up in many churches in all parts of the world on Sunday; and the feeling of Christendom is indicated by a cartoon in one of the comic papers representing the Sultan standing on a cannon, waving his scimitar in the air and shouting to the Great Powers behind him, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

❀

Ten years ago the British Parliament passed an Act which gave to the Australasian Colonies the right of representation in a Federal Council. The Council was empowered to make laws applicable to all the colonies represented. Some colonies declined to take advantage of it, and intercolonial distrust was at that time so great that the realization of any scheme of federation seemed likely to remain for many years in abeyance. About four years ago, however, the late Sir Henry Parkes, the veteran Australian statesman, revived the project on the plan of the Dominion of Canada. The Federal Convention, in which all the Governments of Australasia except Queensland, New Zealand, and Fiji are represented, is the re-

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sult. The Convention proposes a federation by which the various colonies are to retain autonomy in local affairs, but in respect to customs, excise, and the army and navy will be under common control. Federal government will consist of a Senate and House of Representatives, together with a Federal Supreme Court and a Governor-General, appointed by the Crown. Thus prepared, the Federal Constitution will be laid for discussion before the respective Colonial Parliaments. After such discussion the Convention will reassemble, reconsider the Constitution, and submit it directly to the people for adoption or rejection. If adopted, it will be sent by the Colonial Parliaments to the Imperial Parliament and to the Queen for assent. This movement, than which none could conduce more to the solidarity of the British Empire reminds us of the days of the Philadelphia Convention. One question has apparently been decided in Australia in a way involving a greater encroachment upon States' rights than exists here, namely, the power over excise duties. A more interesting feature, however, is the direct submission of the Constitution to the people. Neither our Constitution nor the Canadian was ever submitted directly to a popular vote; they were referred, the one to State Conventions, the other to the Colonial Legislatures.

❀

On Thursday of last week the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, submitted the new Canadian tariff to the Parliament at Ottawa. Mr. Fielding pointed out that there was a deficit of a third of a million dollars for the financial year ending June 30, 1896; for the current financial year he estimated that the deficiency would reach half a million; and for the next financial year, notwithstanding tariff changes, there might be a shortage of three-quarters of a million. The first important feature of the new tariff is the reduction of the duties on iron. During recent years taxes on the raw material had exceeded the protective duty on the finished article, and thus helped the United States instead of Canada. The second feature is the double schedule favoring Great Britain. When the Liberal party laid down its policy of tariff for revenue only, the United States had already declared through the Democratic party in favor of tariff reform. Canadian Liberals naturally followed this lead, expecting that an opportunity for reciprocity would be given. Now, however, the United States has apparently returned to high protection. Mr. Fielding does not give up hope of reciprocity with the United States, but in the meantime Canada will deal with those countries willing to reciprocate. Hence there is to be an innovation of great moment both to Great Britain and to ourselves. This is an offer to all countries admitting Canadian exports free or on "a favorable entrance," to admit their goods in turn into Canada under a minimum tariff one-quarter below the regular or maximum duty. This treatment will cause rejoicing among British exporters, who had last year to face an average duty of twenty-two per cent. on goods sent to Canada, whereas the average duty to our exporters was but thirteen per cent. From this general minimum tariff beer, spirits, sugar, molasses, silk, and tobacco are excepted. The history of tariff-tinkering on both sides of the border may thus delay, but cannot prevent, ultimate commercial union between ourselves and the Canadians.

❀

The death of William S. Holman removes from public life a man who has been conspicuous for a long period, and whose total public service exceeded forty years. Born in Indiana in 1822, receiving a common-school education in his native town, with an additional two years of study at Franklin College, Indiana, he began life as a district school-teacher in the days when such teachers "boarded round" among the patrons of the school. He became dissatisfied with his work, studied law, was admitted to the bar, went into politics, became Judge of the Court of Probate, later a prosecuting attorney, then a member of a Constitutional Convention, then a member of the Indiana Legislature, and entered the House of Representatives in 1852. From the very beginning of his career in the House Mr. Holman was a vigorous and persistent advocate of economy, objecting to every new expenditure and to many old ones when he considered them in any sense unnecessary or immoderate. His

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opposition was often very harassing, and he soon acquired many nicknames, among others "the great objector" and "the watchdog of the Treasury." His honesty and integrity were above suspicion, and he took an attitude toward public expenditures which, unhappily, had been very rare among our public men. That attitude was not always, however, an intelligent or even a consistent one. He was frequently an irrational obstructionist. His ideas of economy were often narrow and unintelligent. He was an out-and-out Democrat, but during the war was a firm friend of the administration and of the Union cause. He represented a type of Western public men which has now almost disappeared from our political life.

❀

By a vote of 34 to 22 the United States Senate has adopted the Nelson substitute for the Torrey Bankruptcy Bill which has been urged upon Congress for so many years. The substitute is believed to deal much more considerately with debtors than the original measure. According to its provisions a merchant cannot be forced into insolvency unless he transfers or encumbers some of his property so as to "prefer or defraud" any of his creditors. In case of voluntary bankruptcy the charges for the settlement of the estate are rigidly limited. The vote against the substitute came chiefly from Eastern Republicans and "gold" Democrats. The friends of the Torrey Bill still hope to revive their measure in the House, and induce the Senate to accept it in Conference Committee. The tariff discussions of the past week have virtually insured the rejection by the Senate of the retroactive clause of the House bill. A duty on hides now seems to be inevitable, as Senator Allison, of Iowa—a member of the Finance Committee—is one of the Western men supporting it.

❀

The economic news of the week relates almost exclusively to the street railway problem. In Chicago two tremendous mass-meetings have been held to protest against the passage of the Humphrey Bills by the State Senate. These measures propose to establish five-cent fares for fifty years, on condition that the roads pay three per cent. of their gross receipts into the city treasury. At one of the mass-meetings Mr. Ela, of the Civic Federation, Mayor Harrison, and Alderman Harlan—the principal Republican candidate for Mayor at the recent election—were among the speakers. The enthusiasm was intense, and the feeling expressed toward the Chicago Senators who had voted for the obnoxious bills was but little short of violent. The entire city government of Chicago—including every member of the Board of Aldermen except the State Senator who has a seat in the local body—opposes the bills. The trades-unions oppose them, all the reform organizations oppose them, and all the newspapers oppose them; and yet they passed the Senate by more than a two-thirds majority. Fortunately, the great demonstrations of popular feeling against the action of the Senate have made a profound impression upon the House of Representatives, and a majority of that body now seems to be pledged against the bills. Chicago, therefore, stands a chance to secure reductions in street-railway fares corresponding with the reduced cost of service, as soon as the old franchises expire, in 1903. There is hardly a question that three-cent fares to-day would yield a larger profit than five-cent fares twenty-five years ago.

❀

In Indianapolis, Indiana, the period of three-cent fares lasted but a week. The United States District Court has declared the three-cent-fare law unconstitutional, on the ground that it applied only to Indianapolis and was, therefore, special legislation. However, the charter of the Indianapolis Company expires in 1901. In four years, therefore, the citizens there expect to obtain permanently the privilege of moderate fares. In Pennsylvania Representative Clinton Rogers Woodruff has introduced a bill limiting franchises to a maximum of thirty years. In New York a newly organized society has obtained from a large number of leading conservatives a declaration of faith in the principle that property rights attaching to the city streets properly belong to the city, while in Boston a Citizens' Committee—with such men as Edward Everett Hale, Professor Frank Parsons, and Thomas Went-

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worth Higginson at its head—has held a joint mass-meeting and issued a series of invaluable tracts in favor of the public ownership of street railways. The tracts that have been issued should be purchased and studied by every one interested in the question. Altogether the demand for municipal control of municipal monopolies bids fair soon to become as strong in this country as it is in England.

❀

During the past week the business world has been disturbed, not so much by the actual Græco-Turkish war as by the melancholy failure of the six European Powers to maintain peace, and by the anxiety lest a general European conflict might result from present conditions. Wheat advanced sharply, and has retained most of the advance; stocks fell. Rates for foreign exchange advanced to the gold exporting point. The rise in wheat is natural, since the adjacent Balkan countries which may be drawn into the conflict produced last year nearly one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat, Turkey forty million, and Greece nearly six million. These latter supplies are, of course, withdrawn from the market; those of Russia, three hundred and twenty million bushels, and of the Balkan States may also be withdrawn. In the stock market there has been much feverishness in international securities, and on the European exchanges the decline in Turkish and Greek bonds has naturally been a marked one. Producing States outside the countries immediately engaged in war gain commercially, because industry is interrupted in the warring States, and hence the markets of the latter go, for the time at least, into the hands of rival foreign producers, who may have long coveted an introduction to competing markets. Referring to this, the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" does well to point out that, like all other artificial diversions of general trade, the advantage must in the end be greatly qualified. Europe's general industrial stagnation after the close of the Napoleonic wars, the reaction following the termination of our own Civil War, and that of the Franco-German war, are cases in point. Reaction is a certainty, and it has been the rather uniform experience that it is peculiarly serious because of the preceding artificial stimulus to production.

❀

The decision of the Court of Appeals of New York State in the Brooklyn civil service case, though naturally discouraging to those who thought that there were no more battles to be fought since the adoption of the civil service clause in the new Constitution, does not seem to us to justify either the criticisms which have been leveled against it or the discouragement to which it has given rise. Without going into details, which for our readers would be needless, the essential principles involved may be briefly stated. The Constitution provides that "appointments and promotions in the civil service of the State . . . shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained so far as practicable by examinations, which so far as practicable shall be competitive." The Court holds that the Legislature is required to provide the methods for the enforcement of this provision in its letter and spirit, and expresses its faith that the Legislature will do this at an early date. It seems to deny that the Constitution can be enforced by the courts without legislative enactment. It declares, furthermore, that "where the duties of the position are not merely clerical, but are delegated by the head of the office because of his own numerous duties, require skill, judgment, trust, and confidence, and involve the responsibility of the officer himself, it is not practicable to fill them by merely competitive examinations." In such cases much must be left to the authority and discretion of the appointed officer. The Court does not hold that the decision of the Mayor of a city or the Governor of the State as to the classification of offices is final. On the contrary, it distinctly declares that "his action is subject to review," though it holds, in the particular case before it, that no facts are stated which justify the Court in setting aside the classification made by Mayor Wurster. Incidentally the Court states that a law which should give the officer who has to make the appointment power to examine the applicants, and in that way determine who should be the appointee, "would practically nullify the

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Civil Service Law and bring it into disrepute." Although this must be regarded as *obiter dicta*, we hope that the Governor will take the hint in considering the Civil Service Law to which we referred last week, and which has passed the Legislature and is now before him. Our object in this paragraph is simply to state the decision of the Court of Appeals, not to re-argue the case; it is, however, legitimate to say that the general interpretation of the word "practicable" furnished by this decision seems to us rational and just.

❀

The New York Legislature, which adjourned last week, passed one anti-monopoly measure which would have been considered revolutionary five years ago, and rejected another anti-monopoly measure which even longer ago would have been recognized as conservative by nearly all men opposed to class privileges. The anti-monopoly measure accepted was the progressive inheritance tax bill, championed by Comptroller Roberts. This measure places taxes ranging from 1 per cent. on personal estates of $10,000 to 10 per cent. on personal estates of $4,000,000, with 4 or 5 per cent. added in case the inheritance passes to heirs outside the immediate family of the decedent. The anti-monopoly measure rejected was that reducing the price of gas in New York City to $1 per 1,000 cubic feet—or to 33 per cent. more than has for several years been found profitable in Cleveland, Ohio. This bill, however, was defeated only by means of a substitute reducing the price of gas to $1.20 this year, and making a similar five-cent reduction each succeeding year until the $1 rate is established. The difference between the two bills, based upon the present consumption of gas, was said to mean $8,000,000 to the gas companies—and to the public. Among the other acts of the Legislature, the important ones were the passage of the Greater New York Charter Bill, the amendment of the Raines Law so as to make it an effective anti-saloon measure, and the passage of Governor Black's civil service law taking the "starch" out of the reform system. The anti-trust bills passed are not regarded as important by either friends or enemies. Outside of New York the most important act of State legislation last week was the passage of the Iowa bill permitting the manufacture of liquor within that commonwealth. An attempt was made to amend the bill so as to facilitate the establishment of saloons in small towns in no-license counties, but was not successful at any important point. Even without such amendments the liquor bill had few votes to spare.

❀

A law signed by Governor Morton early in 1895, which excited active interest and co-operation, as well as opposition, provided for the establishment of high schools in the city of New York. As soon as the bill became a law and a Board of Superintendents was appointed under the law, a committee of the Board of Education and of this Board of Superintendents was appointed to adopt a course of study for the new high schools. As a result of investigation in this country and abroad, and after consultation with the highest educational authorities, this special committee has now made public its course of study for the high schools. It is said that nothing of like character exists on this side of the Atlantic, and that the idea has been borrowed from the schools of Germany. The committee in its report says that this higher commercial course is "designed to give the student a very thorough business education, so extended as to give instruction in the higher commercial operations, and to form the foundation of a liberal education at the same time." The course provided for covers four years. Bookkeeping, English, and German are studied through the four years. Other studies are: stenography, business forms and customs, banking, finance, and economics, commercial geography and commercial arithmetic, Latin and American literature, civics and modern and ancient history, constitutional and commercial history, two branches of the natural sciences. Students will be prepared for the classical and scientific courses of the city colleges.

❀

The committee state frankly that the success of this course of study depends on the kind of men they can find to put

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at the head of the high schools, and the courses of study presented will doubtless be somewhat changed on consultation with these principals, as it is the intention and acknowledged principle laid down by the entire Board of Education of New York to-day, and provided for in the chapter on education of the Greater New York Charter, that the principals shall be brought into closer relations with the management of their own schools, and have a voice in the selection of teachers and in the decision of all affairs relating to their own schools. New York is to be congratulated on the progress she has made and the promise that lies in the future. The next ten years will see the public schools of New York taking rank with the best in the country. Bills have been reported favorably from the Assembly's City Committee, which authorize New York City to raise $12,500,000 for school buildings and sites. One bill provides for bonds to the amount of $10,000,000 for the common schools. Another bill authorizes $2,500,000 for high-school buildings. There is every indication that these bills will pass. That New York must make ample provision for the future is proved by the increase in attendance since 1891. In 1891 the children attending the public schools in New York numbered 137,849. That was an increase of 1.25 per cent. over the preceding year. In 1896 the average attendance was 175,000, an increase of 7.14 per cent. over the attendance of 1895. It is estimated that 1897 will find the school average attendance at 188,000, an increase of 7.42 per cent. over 1896. This rapid increase justifies the seemingly large expenditures which the Board of Education demands.

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As soon as the Board of Education in New York City took final action in regard to the establishment of high schools, by deciding to open the old East Twelfth Street School as a Girls' High School, the question of the appointment of a principal became prominent. The impression went forth that the Board of Education would discriminate against women, and consider only men as candidates for the position of principal of the school. This is not true. The Chairman of the High School Committee of the Board of Education has invited those who advocate the appointment of women to this position to send the names of their candidates, with their credentials, to the committee. Those who advocate the appointment of women have, too many of them, taken the position that it would be absurd to put a man in the place; that the girls in a high school need the guidance of a woman; that only a woman could understand them and their needs. They would not, however, debar men from positions as teachers in the high school The opponents to the appointment of a woman principal assume and declare that a woman would never succeed as the principal of a high school. Neither of these positions is tenable. While women make successful presidents of women's colleges and principals of high schools, it is absurd to take the position that a woman cannot succeed as the principal of a high school in New York. With men standing at the head of women's colleges and successfully conducting them, and equally successful as principals of girls' high schools, it is equally absurd to make the declaration that a man is unfit for the principalship of a girls' high school. Character, ability, experience, equipment, not sex, must decide the question.

❀

For several months there have been disagreements between the New York State Government, the Board of Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents in the City of New York, and the Board of Health of the city. The Society which controls the House of Refuge was organized in 1824 by private citizens, and supported by gifts and endowments. In 1853 the present Refuge was built, with the co-operation of the city. The State undertook to maintain the institution, but it has been under the control of a self-perpetuating Board of Managers; and the Society and the State have been for a long time at loggerheads, with the most disastrous results. According to the report of the Board of Health, the plumbing and other sanitary arrangements for the building are just about what they were forty-five years ago. The managers have long been asking for appropriations from the State Government to

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improve the sanitary conditions of the House of Refuge; but the State Comptroller has opposed this expenditure unless the property is given into the possession and control of the State. The Medical Superintendent of the House of Refuge has now resigned, and his resignation has been followed by that of the Ophthalmologist. These two gentlemen constituted the entire medical staff of an institution containing 820 boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, who have been committed by the magistrates in the first, second, and third judicial districts of the State. These embrace New York and fifteen other counties. More than three-fourths of those committed to the House of Refuge are from New York and Brooklyn. The resignation of the two medical officers precipitated the action of the Board of Health, and the Board immediately condemned the House of Refuge, and issued an order prohibiting it from receiving any persons as inmates until further orders from the Board of Health. The whole evil grows out of the attempted partnership between a private corporation and the State. The partnership should be dissolved and the State should be given control of the institution, or the private beneficence should assume the cost as well as the care of it. Any scheme by which the State pays the bills, and a private, irresponsible body spends the money, is sure to land in difficulty, sooner or later.

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The annual report of President Dwight, of Yale University, records great advances in both material and intellectual riches, and points out with equal force the many present opportunities for further advancement. During the last ten years fifteen new buildings have been erected, five made over, and one bought, and in the same time over $4,000,000 have been received in the way of donations. But President Dwight well says that "the law of all growing life is that it continually asks for more. When the asking ceases, the life begins to decline and decay." Yale's increase in the number of students has fully kept pace with its increase in buildings and funds, and its immediate needs are many, if it is to carry out its ideal of university study and life. Prominent among these needs President Dwight places the further endowment of the library, which has already a fund of $300,000 (the Sloane bequest) toward this end; the founding of a school of architecture in connection with the Art School, to be modeled on the plan of the École des Beaux Arts, and to occupy a building, with equipment, to cost $250,000; a new Medical School building; a new building for the department of physiology and morphology in the Sheffield Scientific School, which, by the way, is this year to celebrate the close of its fiftieth year of constantly growing usefulness; the establishing of libraries for the departments; the extension of graduate fellowships and scholarships to fully sustain the recent remarkable growth in this department of the University—and in this connection President Dwight recommends that some of these scholarships should be purely honorary (that is, without money income attached), in order to recognize the work of graduate students who do not need financial aid. An interesting part of the report deals with the inevitable destruction in the near future of the "Old Brick Row," or rather the three buildings of it which still remain. The proposed Quadrangle has been planned for a quarter of a century, has now been partly carried out, and, of course, the sentimental interest attached to the old buildings cannot be allowed to stand in the way of completing the work. Really, South Middle College is the only one to which historic interest attaches, and that will doubtless be left for at least a few years.

❀

The tenth annual report of the Commissioner of Labor Statistics in North Carolina has just been published. There are 200 cotton, woolen, knitting, and hosiery mills in the State, with slightly over 1,000,000 spindles. There are 25,000 operatives, 6,000 of whom are children and 18,000 adults—10,500 women and 7,500 men. Over one-half of the children employed are under sixteen years of age. The wages differ in different localities. The average pay for skilled labor is $1 per day. Women's wages range from 60 cents to $1; unskilled men, 50 cents to $1, the average being 66 cents.

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The wages of unskilled women are as low as 40 cents, the average being 47 cents. The average for children is 32 cents. In two counties ten to eleven hours constitute a day's work; in thirteen counties, eleven and a half hours; in ten counties, twelve hours. The average working time in these mills is eleven hours per day. Most of the mills run fifteen hours a day, but they pay for extra time. It is claimed by the mill-owners that it is a rare thing to see children under twelve years of age in any of the mills.

❀

A notable good work is being performed by the Legal Aid Society of this city. There are always those too poor to pay the necessary expense of having their wrongs righted. From those, however, who are able, the stigma of being applicants for charity is removed by the Society's requirement of a small fee. Last year, through the Society's endeavors, more than $70,000 was paid by persons wrongfully retaining that amount to nearly 7,500 persons rightfully entitled to it. Another signal service last year was the initiating of proceedings for destroying the "bucket-shops" and "policy-shops"—gambling establishments which vitiate the moral atmosphere wherever they exist. The Society's attorneys have not a little to do with educating ignorant applicants as to the prevailing ideas of right and wrong. It often happens that persons deem themselves wronged who are either not wronged at all, or have themselves transgressed the bounds of propriety. The Society desires to increase its work by having a representative in each police court—practically in every court at all times. The greatest work of the Society is really an indirect one; it spreads abroad the feeling that the poor can get justice done. This feeling is now a strong one, since the Society has existed for over twenty years, and during that time has taken care of over 80,000 cases.

❀

The ceremonies attending the completion of General Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive, in New York City, are in progress as this paper goes to press. The presence of the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, a large representation from the two branches of Congress, the Ambassadors and Ministers of many foreign countries, the Governors of many of the States, and other distinguished guests, adds dignity to a spectacle in itself impressive, and in its meaning significant and inspiring of patriotism. New York City has just pride in its fulfillment of the pledge made by it to erect a fit and stately monument to the National hero who chose that city for his last resting-place; it has pride also in the beautiful spot where the mausoleum stands, and in the noble river which flows beside it; it has pride in the vast plans for improving and beautifying the city now being carried out in the region above the Harlem; it may reasonably have pride in its municipal administration for the past year or two as compared with the maladministration of previous years, and, indeed, as compared with the present administration of not a few of the great American cities. Let us hope that this local pride, which New York has often been accused of not possessing at all, but which is brought into view by such public occasions as the present, may grow in intensity until the Greater New York may be materially and in spirit and purpose an example to be imitated at home and abroad.

❀

Direct Primaries

The conviction that the reform of the primaries constitutes the next step toward the overthrow of political corruption and ring rule is taking root in all parts of the country. In different States entirely independent movements are gathering strength, all directed to the same end, that of enabling all the voters in each party to choose their candidates, instead of delegating the choice to the men in control of party machinery and nominating conventions. This democratic system—the "Crawford County System"—has already been voluntarily established by one party organization or another in many rural counties in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, California, and fully half of the Southern States. The present movement is

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to require its adoption in the cities, where the evils of the boss system have become intolerable.

At the beginning of the legislative season we noticed that Governor Pingree had urged this reform in Michigan; three weeks ago we noticed that Wisconsin reformers were urging it before the Legislature of their State; and two weeks ago we learned from Minnesota that a similar measure had received most encouraging support in one branch of the Minnesota Legislature. The Minnesota bill, which had been drawn by Judge Hicks, of Minneapolis, without conference with the Wisconsin reformers, follows substantially the same lines. It very sensibly grafts the reform of the primaries upon the Australian ballot system. Voters at the primaries are to receive official ballots upon which the names of all candidates for each office are to be printed. In this way the candidates proposed by a group of independents will be presented to all the voters in the same way as the candidates named by the machine. The power of the voters is not restricted to the election of delegates to a nominating convention, but the voters are themselves to have the responsibility and privilege of naming the candidates for every office. Around these primary elections are to be thrown all the safeguards that now surround the general election.

A primary election thus conducted would be worth attending, and citizens with any sense of public duty would no more think of refusing to exercise their privilege of choosing candidates than they now think of refusing to exercise the often less important privilege of choosing between candidates. It is needless to say, this measure to transfer the power of the politicians to the rank and file of the voters was rejected upon its first presentation, but Judge Hicks was able to rally 36 out of 98 members of the Minnesota House to its support. More encouraging still were the objections urged by the majority. Like the Australian ballot system, the measure was opposed on the ground that it was "impracticable" and "expensive." It was also opposed on the ground that it would not deprive the politicians of their power. The machine, it was said with some force, would unite its vote upon one candidate, while the vote of the opposition might be divided among many, and the triumph of the machine be assured. Against this danger the South Carolina system endeavors to provide by requiring a new election in some cases where no candidate receives a majority of the whole vote, though, as a rule, the choice of the plurality is the choice of the majority.

Direct primaries will undoubtedly leave some power in the hands of the machine, just as the Australian ballot system left some power in the hands of the vote-buyers; but the restriction of power will be as great in the one case as in the other. To force the machine to submit its choice to the approval of the voters of the party would insure better nominations, even where the machine triumphs. The fact that the opponents of the Hicks Bill were unwilling to avow their friendship for machine-made nominations was evidence of the strength of popular feeling against the evils of the present system. In Minnesota Judge Hicks secured for his measure the powerful support of the St. Paul "Pioneer Press," whose continued advocacy of its fundamental principle promises its adoption in the near future. The position of the "Pioneer Press" is briefly as follows:

> That the revolt against the present system is daily gaining force and power there can be no doubt, nor can there be any doubt that it is only a question of a few years at the most before it is swept out of existence. The tendency is toward replacing the power in the hands of the people, and either this measure or another which also relegates the convention of delegates to the lumber-room will have to be enacted. The present system is intolerable. No man, unless he has devoted himself for hours to a study of the situation, has the faintest conception of what he is voting for as primaries are now conducted. He may vote for a set of delegates to secure the election of a particular man to a particular office, but even then it by no means follows that those delegates will or ever intended to vote for his candidate. As for the rest of the ticket, it is determined by mere log-rolling combinations. Except in times of extraordinary public commotion, when the people under stress of some flagrant outrage rise in a body, their influence is not worth a picayune. The three or four men in each precinct who make their living by politics, or like the excitement of the game, practically dictate who shall or who shall not be voted for in that precinct. Knowing that it is useless, and often worse than useless, to attend primaries, not one man in ten who cannot give days to "politics" goes near them. But under the system proposed every voter could express his will as to the candidates for every office. If it did nothing else, it would quicken interest in the primaries, for the remedy

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for poor nominations would lie in the hands of the people and not with the political oligarchy.

These are precisely our sentiments.

❀

What We Can Do

There are two practical things which our Government could legitimately do to express the universal sympathy of Americans for oppressed Cretans and struggling Greeks. For the first we have the example of our own action in 1824; for the second, the recent action of Bulgaria.

We can pass resolutions of sympathy with the oppressed subjects of the Turkish Empire. Such resolutions on behalf of the Armenians were passed last year, but whether they were forwarded to the European Powers or pigeonholed in the office of the Secretary of State is not generally known. The case was one for acting on the text, Let your light shine before men. The Government acted on the text, Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth. Said Daniel Webster in his plea for Greece in 1824:

> The Greeks, contending with ruthless oppressors, turn their eyes to us and invoke us by their ancestors, by their slaughtered wives and children, by their own blood poured out like water, by the hecatombs of dead they have heaped up as it were to heaven—they invoke, they implore of us some cheering sound, some look of sympathy, some token of compassionate regard. They look to us as the great Republic of the earth, and they ask us by our common faith whether we can forget that they are struggling, as we once struggled, for what we now so happily enjoy. I cannot say, sir, that they will succeed—that rests with Heaven—but for myself, sir, if I should to-morrow hear that they have failed, that their last phalanx had sunk beneath the Turkish scimitar, that the flames of their last city had sunk in its ashes, and that naught remained but the wide, melancholy waste where Greece once was, I should still reflect, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that I have asked you, in the name of seven million of freemen, that you would give them at least the cheering of one friendly voice.

O for another Webster in the Senate of to-day!

The other thing we can do is to press our just claims against Turkey for damages. She has threatened the lives of American citizens; she has destroyed thousands of dollars of American property; she has refused to receive American consuls, on whom American citizens must rely for protection. Now is a good time to send one or two of our White Squadron to the Turkish waters with a demand for the instant payment of our delayed claims. The presence of the American flag to enforce a just and reasonable American claim, by methods to which no European Power can take exception, for they are methods familiar and recognized by international law, would give substantial aid to the oppressed Cretans and the struggling Greeks. And it would probably secure the prompt payment of our demand and a better protection of our citizens on Turkish soil in the future.

Why not?

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The Real Standard

If, a century ago, a Puritan preacher in a New England pulpit had referred, in a catalogue of heresies, to Arianism, Socinianism, Pelagianism, Antinomianism, and Arminianism, a majority of his adult hearers would have known fairly well what he was talking about. It is very doubtful whether as much could be said for a majority of adult hearers in any Puritan church in New England to-day. If, a hundred years ago, the preacher had asked his hearer, What is the doctrine of the Trinity? and Why are you a Trinitarian? he would have probably received a prompt and tolerably definite reply. If he were to ask the same question of a hearer to-day, the reply would certainly not be so prompt and probably not so definite. The same thing may be safely said of questions as to Inspiration, Atonement, and other important doctrines in theological science. It is true that the answer of a hundred years ago might have been inaccurate. The catechised might have given a definition of Arianism which the Arian would repudiate. He might have said that the doctrine of the Trinity is that there are three persons in one God, and have cited as a proof-text, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one," and not have known that the word "person" in the creed means something very different from the word "person" in common conversation, and that the cited proof-text does not belong in the Bible. He might, and very probably would, have been wrong; but he would not have been vague.

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Unquestionably theological definitions have changed and are changing. The words God, Immortality, Revelation, Trinity, Atonement, do not convey the same ideas in 1897 which they conveyed in 1797; and, perhaps not infrequently, they convey indefinite ideas or even none at all. Our enlarged conception of the universe has made a localized conception of the Deity more difficult, not to say impossible; a better understanding of the processes of nature and of life has dissociated immortality from the resurrection of the body; the study of comparative religions, coupled with modern Biblical criticism and scientific ethics, has supplanted the conception of revelation as an extraordinary meteor by a conception of it as the gradual dawning of God upon the consciousness of an elect people; the Tritheism which worshiped three Gods equal in power, wisdom, and holiness is disappearing, and a new definition of Trinity has hardly yet taken the vacated place; men are no longer able to believe that God's forgiveness had to be purchased by the blood of a victim, though more than ever they perceive the vicarious suffering of the innocent for the guilty. Whatever the future may have in store, these changes are not, at present, so much from old to new definitions as from the clear definitions of a satisfied intellect to the vaguer expressions of a feeling never to be satisfied. Indeed, a school has grown up, known abroad, from its most distinguished representative, as Ritschlianism, but participated in by thousands who never heard of Ritschl, which disavows definition altogether, and desires to substitute for it feeling. These regard definitions, not as a trellis on which the vine climbs, but as bands which forbid its growth.

It is not strange that this change should be regarded with apprehension, if not with dismay, not only by those who confound theology with religion, but also by those who think that life is dependent on theology. But those who regard religion as a divine life, and theology only as a human science of that life, will not be in despair because theology changes. They will be more apt to see in such changes the evidence that the divine life is too great and too divine to be kept within the ancient definitions. They will rejoice in this demonstration that religion is a living power.

For the standard by which theological doctrine is to be measured is always the standard of life.

Are the old definitions disappearing because the life is shriveling, or because the life is expanding? To this question we can give but one answer. To us it is clear that the modern conception of God is larger; of Immortality less sensuous; of Revelation more world-wide and more vital; of Trinity more consonant with the supreme fact of eternal unity in the universe; of Atonement more full of ethical inspiration, than were the older views which are being supplanted. It is for these reasons that the old definitions are falling off—that they may give room for the larger life which, if they remained, they would impede and deaden. Those who believe thus will fear nothing from the decadence of the old, but rather will rejoice in it.

For creeds and definitions are only the expressions of life, and he who would know whether theology is gaining or losing in power must examine the life itself to see whether it is less or greater than it was. This examination may well inspire us with hope. Is the question of Immortality? We ask ourselves, not whether the belief in a general resurrection of the body is as clear as it was a hundred years ago, nor whether the vision of a heavenly city or Elysian fields or celestial choirs is as clearly seen and literally accepted, but whether, under the inspiration of what is at once a larger and a vaguer hope, more men have "a right to the tree of life"—that is, so live as to justify the possession of immortality. Is the question of the divinity of Christ? We ask ourselves, not, Can the Christian give a clearer definition of that divinity than his ancestors could do? but, Does the Church to-day entertain a thought of God more consonant with the belief that Jesus Christ is the supreme manifestation of the divine justice and the divine love than when Jonathan Edwards preached his sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"? Is the question of Atonement? We ask ourselves, not, Can the congregations of to-day pass a better examination on the nature of sacrifice for sin than the congregations of the eighteenth century? but, Is there

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less or more of the spirit of self-sacrifice in the Church to-day, with its thousands of missionaries, home and foreign, than in that epoch when not a single missionary society had been organized, and probably not a single missionary sent out, by any Puritan church?

For ourselves, we cannot doubt that very radical changes have taken place and are taking place in the theology of the Church of Christ. Old definitions are in some cases being modified; in others, abandoned for new definitions; in still others, abandoned without a substitute yet found to take the vacant place. The theological positivism of the past is giving place to a spiritual vagueness in the present, which is sometimes as much too vague as the former was too defined. But neither can we doubt that, on the whole, these changes are the evidence of a life and growth which cannot be restrained; that if the definitions of the Church are less clear, its faith is more vital; that if it cannot, and does not even endeavor to, define Christ as scientifically, it follows him more truly in thought and life; that never before, despite all its faults, was there as much Christ-life in Christ's Church as there is to-day.

But, whether this is true or not, it is certainly true that by its divine life, not by its human creeds, the Church and the epoch are to be measured.

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Forward, Not Backward

A thorough workman completely finishes what he has in hand before he leaves it, and then is done with it forever. It is true that the greatest artists sometimes keep work by them for many years, touching it from time to time, because a work of art sometimes grows in the thought of the artist after it has been begun, and the enlarged vision which comes with the mere exercise of the hand compels a larger treatment. With action, however, this is impossible. When a deed is done, it has gone beyond the power of the doer just as the picture which has been removed from the studio and has gone to the home of the purchaser no longer belongs to the artist. Strength of character is evidenced, among other things, by the completeness with which a man detaches himself from his deed when he has finished it, or his decision when he has reached it. This does not mean that he separates himself from its consequences—that is beyond his power; but it does mean that he ceases to go over the ground which he has traversed, to ask the questions which have perplexed him, to brood over the problem which has preceded his action. When the deed is done, he leaves it behind him; he is not continually going back to question whether he could have done otherwise—whether his action was wise or unwise. He recognizes the fact that, whatever its character may have been, it has passed beyond his control, and he has now to confront the new question, to solve the fresh problem, to make the present decision. Nothing is so useless as this constant reopening of old decisions to which some people are given. It takes from the present the strength which is needed for new questions, and wastes it upon the things that are already settled beyond the possibility of being reopened. It is well to reflect on what we have done yesterday, and to get from it new wisdom for to-morrow; but it is useless to spend to-day in asking idle questions about the decisions of yesterday.

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Editorial Notes

Those who desire information on the subject of equal rights from the standpoint of the suffragists, instead of addressing Mrs. Helen G. Ecob, as The Outlook suggested in its issue for April 10, should apply at the headquarters in Boston. Samples of forty different leaflets are sent for ten cents. Address Leaflet Department, Woman's Journal Office, Boston, Mass.

The next issue of The Outlook will contain the second paper in Ian Maclaren's "American Impressions." The particular subject of this article is "Good Manners." In this respect the author of the "Bonnie Brier-Bush" was most favorably impressed by the men and women whom he met in America, and he talks in an extremely pleasant and entertaining way of American editors, university men, club men, political officials, and business men, making some acute comparisons and contrasts between social conditions in England and in the United States. The article is discriminating as well as complimentary. It will be followed at early dates by two other articles on the same general subject.

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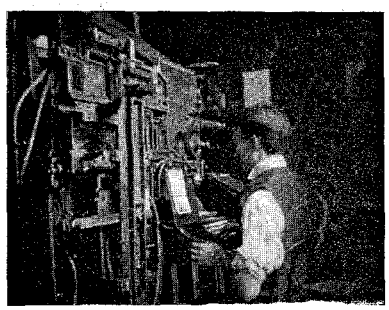
The Spectator

When the Spectator allows himself to covet any one's gift, he longs for that of the "psychometrist." The psychometrist, it may be permitted to remind the non-occult reader, is one of those modern seers who can, by touching an article with their fingers or placing it against their forehead, get an "impression"—a "veridical impression," the Society for Psychical Research would say—of the history of the object. Thus Robert Browning tells of a psychometrist who, on touching one of the poet's finger-rings, ejaculated, "I see murder when I touch this gem." The ring had indeed come to Mr. Browning from an ancestor who had been foully dealt with. But pleasant as well as painful pictures are said to be seen by the psychometrist. With his power of reconstructing the past from the suggestions imparted by the "aura" of any object, he can in a new sense see "sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks." To take up a curio and see in imagination the far-away land and the alien people that produced it would be a highly satisfactory substitute for the stereopticon lecture and the book of travels, and would be an invaluable stimulus to the jaded fancy. But the gift would be equally pleasant in tracing the history of articles of more common use and interest, which we are wont to accept as a matter of course, but all of which have entertaining stories in them. If one could take up a spool of thread, for instance, and by pressing it to the forehead see the various people and processes associated with its progress from the cotton-field to the user—the black men and white, the field-hand and factory operative, merchant prince, commercial traveler, clerk, and cash-girl, the cotton-gin, freight train, and factory full of whirring machinery—the panorama would be as fascinating as a glimpse of fairyland. Or, to take a still easier instance, if one could press to his temples this copy of The Outlook, while reading these words, and see the complex processes which have conspired to bring the paper to his hands, would he not find its perusal afterwards even more interesting than before—if that were possible, the Spectator will add, to do justice to his friends the editors!

The Old-Time Typesetter



Typesetting by Machinery

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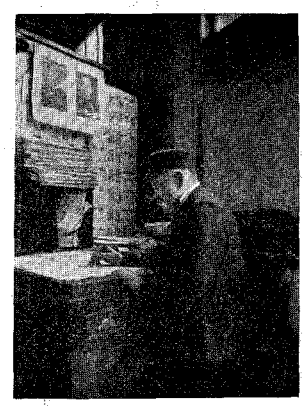
The Spectator, while not claiming to possess occult powers, is inclined to turn psychometrist for a half-hour and show his readers a few of these hidden pictures which the pages of The Outlook conceal. He would like to show them first the great paper-mill near the banks of the Hudson, with its elaborate machinery which works the marvelous change by which the treasures new and old of the housewife's rag-bag are transformed into the great spotless, glistening sheets of "120-pound paper," which is the colloquial term for the sheet on which these words happen to be printed—meaning that a ream of the paper will weigh 120 pounds. But the more familiar pictures to the Spectator are those which are seen nearer home—the image of our old friend the typesetter, for example. The march of modern improvement has of late years pushed the old-fashioned typesetter pretty hard, what with the machines which do away with movable types by casting a complete line at once, and other machines that set and distribute the separate types far faster than can the deftest fingers of man or woman. But here and there, for various reasons, the old-time methods of hand work



Cutting Overlays for The Outlook

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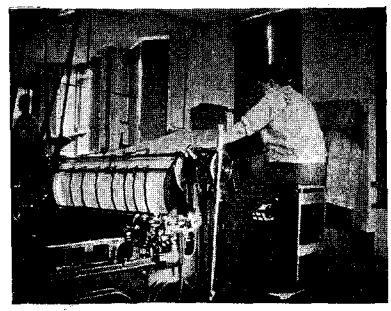
are still adhered to, and we can see the lineal descendant of Gutenberg at work at his case in the good old way that has given the world its masterpieces of printing.



Printing The Outlook Cover

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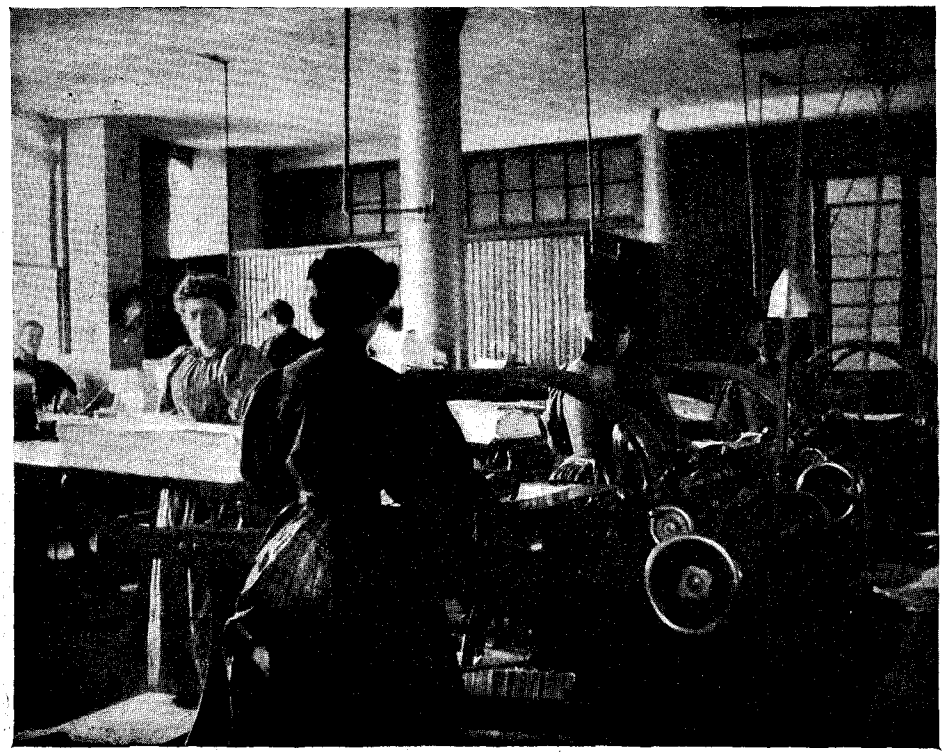
The Spectator confesses that he loves the old-time typesetter, patiently assembling with bewildering rhythmic motions type after type from heterogeneous boxes whose mysterious labyrinth only he can follow with sure knowledge, justifying line after line with loving care and pride in his craft, reading his "stick" with watchful eye to detect and correct the errors that would defeat his ambition for a clean proof, glancing with grim satisfaction at the growing pile of "dupes" which form the thermometer of his week's wages, and occasionally allowing the satisfaction to become unqualified when the gods smile upon him and he comes back from the "hook" with a "fat take," over which to gloat and wherewith to arouse the good-natured envy of the neighbor in his alley. The "old jour printer," as Walt Whitman calls him—Whitman, you remember, was a typesetter himself in his early days—is not so much in evidence in our days as formerly. He is dropping out. His place is not filled in the Spectator's heart by the smart young fellows, the operators on the linotypes, even though they set three or four times as much type in a day. The Spectator is glad that the old printer and the old ways have not been altogether crowded out of The Outlook's composing-room, where the manuscript copy is put into type by hand as the initial process in getting The Outlook to its readers.

❀

The Spectator wonders how many of his readers know what a complex process of small details is that which results in this printed page. Each letter has been lifted by a human finger; the type has been "proved" in long columns on a "galley;" the proof has then been corrected by proof-reader and editor, and perhaps contributor; these corrections have been made in the type, and then the columns have been made up into pages, and the type again handled in running around the pictures, if there are any, the cuts themselves having been made by the aid



Folding The Outlook

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of the camera, the gelatine plate, and the electrotyper; the pages are now adjusted so as to produce the best artistic and literary effect, corrected and recorrected by printers and editors until they suit the exigent taste of the latter; they are then disposed in a complicated fashion in a "form," so that when printed and folded the sheet will page

Feeding the 64-page Sheet

consecutively; the type is securely wedged together so that the many thousands of pieces of metal may be lifted as one mass; and the form is then ready to be transported to the press-room, where another story begins.

❀

If the reader could see a page of The Outlook when it first comes off the press, before it has passed through the hands of the skillful craftsman who cuts the "overlays," he would not recognize it. The reading matter is dim and illegible; the pictures are masses of black that tell no story, or faint outlines of gray that torture the eye that tries to follow their elusive details. With this crude thing before him, the pressman proceeds to bring up the illustrations by the skillful use of knife, tissue-paper, and paste, in a delicate process that involves the application of greater pressure in the printing of the blacks and less pressure on the grays of the picture. The preparation of an illustrated form of The Outlook requires many hours of this careful, discriminating work, without which the fine effects of half-tone illustration would be wholly lost. When cuts and letter-press are finally made ready, the printing proceeds rapidly, day and night, until the edition is off. The building in which The Outlook is printed is a perfect hive of printing-presses, from those marvels of mechanism which turn out the colored supplements of a metropolitan daily to the simpler and smaller machines which are used for book, magazine, and job work, and which, running at slower speed, produce a higher grade of work than is possible for presses which must turn out an edition of five hundred thousand in twenty-four hours. In this as in other matters "art is long," if one may suggest the quotation in comparing the work on the "Sunday supplement" and on the Magazine Number of The Outlook.

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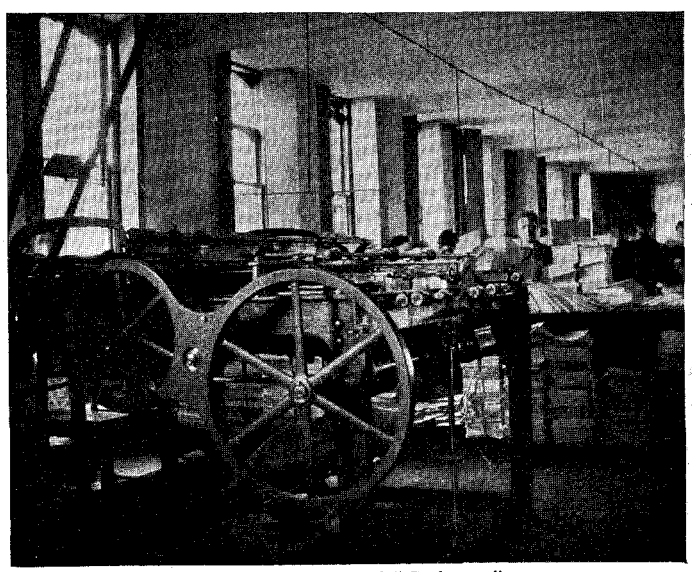
The Outlook, however, does not, the Spectator opines, desire to be classed with the monthly periodicals as an art publication. One of its main purposes is to present a weekly review of the world's history. Another is that its subscribers shall, as a rule, east of the Mississippi, get their paper before Sunday of each week. These two objects necessitate holding forms open late and getting the edition mailed early. Going to press Tuesday noon, with editorial comment on Tuesday's news when important, without a sheet being at that time folded or a copy bound, will not the reader familiar with the leisurely methods of the monthlies be a little surprised to learn that by Wednesday night more than twenty thousand copies—that is to say, nearly half of the edition—bound, labeled, and in wrappers, are in the post-office on their way to the West, the South, Mexico, and Canada, the distant localities being favored first in the mailing? The amount of work involved in



Automatic Folder and "Gatherers"

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this will be appreciated better when we follow the printed sheets from press-room to bindery.

❀

Here is an elaborate mechanism which folds a sixty-four-page sheet and cuts it in two, delivering it at the rate of eighteen hundred an hour ready for the "gatherer." Smaller sheets are folded by less intricate machines or by hand. This work is attended to mostly by girls, and their pleasant faces seem to show that their labor is of a kind that gives satisfaction in the doing and at the week's end. Here, for instance, is a girl whose vigor and comeliness suggest country air and wholesome outdoor occupation rather than years of factory toil. A fine specimen of a hearty, wholesome girl who knows how to do her work and enjoys it. Her work, indeed, requires vitality, for it is mostly done at hours when other presumably more favored girls are asleep. Her work is that of pasting the covers on the Magazine Numbers of the paper, and, as the work requires skill and experience, she gets as much for her single night's work as many a poor salesgirl must be content with for a whole week's salary.

Pasting on the Covers

❀

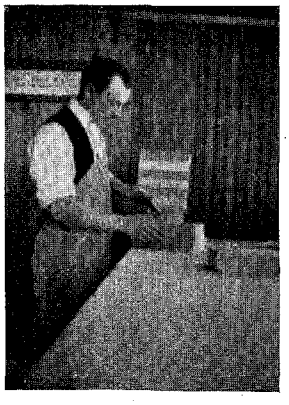
There is a group of girls around a table; they are engaged in "gathering" the various sheets that make up the magazine; other girls take the gathered sheets to the stitching-machines, where the wire staples are stamped through the thickest magazine with a single thrust. The sheets, thus securely bound together, pass on to the workers who paste on the cover. The completed paper must now be put through the "smashing-machine," a massive affair of ponderous cams and remorseless toggle-joints, into which the papers go round and plump, and come out flat and solid. They go then to the cutter, who trims off the edges so that the busy man can read his paper as he runs, without the necessity, annoying to him if dear to the heart of the bookworm, of cutting each leaf himself, and being sure that no irreverent eye has gazed upon the spotless beauty of the virgin page. Next the papers go to the men who put on the wrappers and stamp the little yellow label on each paper or wrapper. The papers belonging to each State, city, and town are grouped together, and finally put into the mail-bags and carried to the post-office, where they are weighed, and the postage paid for eventually by the "bulk-rate postage-stamps" that are the *rara avis* of the stamp-collector, and cost from $1 to $100 each; and then The Outlook starts on its journey that ends with the place indicated by the yellow label.

❀

And when finally, after all this work, and a great deal more which has not been touched upon—such as that of the business and advertising departments, which are not dilated upon in this article because of their modesty, but which, like modest people all, are full of meritorious works—when finally the subscriber has received his paper, what has he got, on the material side? A mathematical friend of the Spectator's has sent him a slip which embodies the result of a little investigation as to the amount of literary matter contained in the various magazines for one month. The Spectator makes bold to print it, trusting that his long course of blameless conduct will absolve him from the sin of advertising The Outlook's contemporaries in its columns:

NUMBER OF PAGES OF LITERARY MATTER IN JANUARY '97 NUMBER OF	
Atlantic Monthly	144
Century	156
Cosmopolitan	110
Forum	120
Harper's Monthly	162
McClure's	90
Review of Reviews	128
Scribner's	130
The Outlook for January (five numbers)	304

The mathematician says that the comparison, so far as regards quantity of reading matter, is obviously flattering to the paper whose physiological processes we have been following; as to the quality—but here the Spectator must cease, for his friend's kind words contain intimations that are altogether too pleasant for print. But, if the Spectator's psychometry has not been in vain, he has shown his readers that the issuing of a weekly magazine is a complex and difficult piece of work on its material side.



Affixing the Yellow Label

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Henry van Dyke

Teacher and Poet[1]

THERE are sharp limitations to the power of acquirement and production; a man cannot go on indefinitely learning all manner of unrelated things, nor can he work successfully in widely separated fields. But a man can go on indefinitely learning about things which are related to each other, and doing things which partake of the same spirit and are expressions of the same energy. The impression, which probably takes its rise in the tendency to specialization—admirable in its place and blind as a mole out of it—that a man can do but one thing well, has as little foundation in fact as the kindred impression that good scholarship and a feeling for literary form cannot go together; that if a man is really learned he must put his thought in blundering and inharmonious speech; and, *vice versa*, if he has the charm of style he must be more or less shallow in scholarship. Certain unrelated activities cannot, for obvious reasons, be combined with any high degree of success; a man cannot, for instance, successfully manage a business and write an epic; but he can combine the highest degree of intellectual activity with the highest felicity of literary expression. Shakespeare managed a theater and wrote immortal dramas; but the two occupations ran along parallel lines.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has succeeded in several fields of work, but they have been contiguous fields. He is, for instance, one of the foremost preachers of the day; making a successful appeal to a class of hearers, among others, who do not go to church because it is the conventional thing to do or because they recognize a duty in church-going; who do not go to be emotionally stirred or æsthetically charmed; who go because they are drawn by ringing conviction, clear thought, and genuine literary form. Such a preacher appeals to the best in his auditors because he gives them the best in himself and in thought and faith. He accepts no easy compromises with truth, employs no artifices, makes no effort to produce artificial oratorical effects; he trusts implicitly to the power of truth by holding his gift in absolute service to it. Dr. van Dyke's ministry is one of definite conviction, clear, progressive thinking, and catholic spirit. It has the rich and full tone which is caught from a love of the truth as it speaks through art and literature; it has the range which comes from the perception that truth has many voices and that all its voices are one; science, history, art in all its forms, revealing man's thought of his spiritual condition and need. But with this breadth there is also notable decision and definiteness; the vagueness which often comes with wide knowledge and comprehensive views is wholly absent from Dr. van Dyke's preaching. It has not only marked virility, but it has a certain moral vivacity and dash which makes it peculiarly effective in college chapels; for Dr. van Dyke is one of the fortunate men who have the hearts of young men. The note of courage rings in all his utterances. The church to him is a moving army, with banners flying, bugles sounding, and all the stir and splendor of daring enterprise in the air.

In such a ministry there is always a progression of thought, and behind it there is a deep and arduous life of the mind. For the preaching that clarifies, purifies, and edifies is not a matter of brilliant occasional efforts, but of sustained expression of a fruitful intellectual and spiritual experience. Real sermons are born, not made; they are not skillfully put together—they grow out of a rich soil. One who follows Dr. van Dyke's development as disclosed in his books becomes aware of a wide movement of thought steadily pressing on into clearness, order, and light. The lectures delivered a year ago before the Yale Theological Seminary, and published last autumn under the title "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," are not only among the most widely read of recent

[1] *The Builders and Other Poems.* By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. $1.50.

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THE REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

works of their class, but are also admirable examples of sound, clear, and vital thinking. The book is catholic in its spirit and brotherly in its feeling—the work of a man who knows his time and loves it, and does not make the ancient blunder of the theologian of supposing that some other time was more sacred and nearer to the touch and guidance of the Infinite; but a man, also, who sees clearly that all times stand in need of the corrective of a vision which, like that revealed in the "Divine Comedy," discerns the life of man under the conditions of eternity. There are freshness, tenderness, open-mindedness in Dr. van Dyke's attitude to his own time; but there are also clear, searching criticism, and clear, urgent suggestion of remedy for its intellectual and moral disorders. There is buoyancy of feeling in the discussion, and a literary quality which makes it so easy to read that one sometimes forgets the deeps over which one is borne; but the framework of the argument is of steel—so firm, compact, and well joined is it. The book shows a quiet courage; it marks a distinct advance of thought; but it is so irenic in temper that it persuades readers into acceptance of positions into which no urgency of polemic argument would have driven them.

Dr. van Dyke is supremely interested in the vital rather than the abstract proc-

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esses of thought, and so all his thinking connects itself together and flows in a single channel. There is no violent transition, for instance, when he passes from his work as a religious thinker or teacher to the study of the poetry of Tennyson. With that poetry as the exposition of a noble view of life he was not only in full sympathy, but he had long been dealing with the same or with kindred ideas; to that poetry as an illustration of the subtle and captivating uses of art he brought a true poetic insight and instinct. His study of this poetry bore fruit in an exposition of Tennyson's ideas and form full of intelligence, sympathy, and felicitous suggestion; an exposition which is at once scholarly and discriminating, and at the same time full of that poetic feeling which is, far more than the keenest critical study, the key to a poet's quality and genius.

But Dr. van Dyke has not confined himself to a sympathetic study of poetry; he has practiced the art as well. From time to time pieces of verse bearing his name have drifted across the wide stream of contemporary writing and brought with them the sense of something fresh and real—a breath of nature, a glimpse into the deeps of experience, a note clear, sweet, and memorable. In various forms he had shown his familiarity with Christian art; in several tales, simple, reverent, and singularly happy in harmonizing definite teaching with artistic form, he had revealed a quality of true imagination; and in a volume of delightful essays, "Little Rivers," he had shown a familiarity with Nature which was at once the intimacy of a comrade and the deep feeling of one who knows by instinct and intelligence how we are infolded in Nature, partake of her life, and are in touch with the mystery of her being below consciousness and beyond thought. The breath of the imagination stirs to rare music of speech in a series of papers which is likely to become a classic in its field. All these tastes, gifts, and occupations predicted the volume which has now appeared, and which, slender as it is, furnishes material for an estimate of the quality which Dr. van Dyke is likely to put into his verse.

The first question which one is likely to ask is whether the religious feeling and spirit, which are certain to be present, are didactically or poetically expressed. For a sincere man does not experiment with verse; he uses it as a more expressive medium than prose for the utterance of that deepest self which is, in every gifted man, the source and fountain of poetry. These poems are distinctly and deeply religious in their underlying conception; they are often definitely didactic, as in one verse which will go home to many readers:

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

This is an admirable example of a kind of gnomic verse which, while never taking the highest rank as poetry, has lived in the memory because of its concentrated truth. But Dr. van Dyke is, fortunately, a poet rather than a teacher in this volume; he is capable of the careless rapture, the easy force, the almost unconscious felicity, of the true verse-writer. He has light moods, quick fancies, free spirits. He knows how to invite his soul and give it holiday; he hears those voices which are always penetrating the close places in which men work, and making them aware that work is, in the end, only a way of getting at life, and that life lies all about us even while we search for it with bent heads and lighted candles. Outside the school-room there are deep places in the woods where things are to be learned which are not in the books; and while we painfully con the text, through the window comes the delicious emptying of the bobolink's cup of sound, and the poet within us is up and away in spite of rules and tasks.

He who reads "An Angler's Wish" knows that he has struck hands with a poet. Here is a singer who, at his best, has caught some woodland notes more clearly than any other of his fellow-craftsmen in this country; notes which the cleverest man cannot imitate, but which a poet may translate into human speech. For a bird is not to be brought from the woods by the trick of matching his song; one must catch his spirit and suggest his sentiment. Who has done this with truer

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magic or more simple effect than the author of these lines:

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

While May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
"*Witchery—witchery—witchery!*"

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene;
There's magic in that small bird's note—
See, there he flits—the Yellow-throat;
A living sunbeam tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
"*Witchery—witchery—witchery!*"

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows:
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try, to call her down this way,
"*Witchery—witchery—witchery!*"

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she.
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes she brings
"*Witchery—witchery—witchery!*"

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run—
One thing is lacking, only one:
If Mary were but here to-day,
I would believe your charming lay,
"*Witchery—witchery—witchery!*"

Along the shady road I look—
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white—
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet—
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
"*Witchery—witchery—witchery!*"

The most penetrating effects are often wrought by indirection; by summoning about the reader or hearer a background which, by a subtle law of association, evokes a song, and, at the same moment, an experience which interprets it. Very tenderly beautiful and true are the sentiment and the art of these lines:

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Do you remember, father—
It seems so long ago—
The day we fished together
Along the Pocono?
At dusk I waited for you,
Beside the lumber-mill,
And there I heard a hidden bird
That chanted, "whip-poor-will,"
"*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*"
Sad and shrill—"*whippoorwill!*"

The place was all deserted;
The mill-wheel hung at rest;
The lonely star of evening
Was quivering in the west;
The veil of night was falling;
The winds were folded still;
And everywhere the trembling air
Re-echoed "whip-poor-will!"
"*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*"
Sad and shrill—"*whippoorwill!*"

You seemed so long in coming,
I felt so much alone;
The wide, dark world was round me,
And life was all unknown;
The hand of sorrow touched me,
And made my senses thrill
With all the pain that haunts the strain
Of mournful whip-poor-will.
"*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*"
Sad and shrill—"*whippoorwill!*"

What did I know of trouble?
An idle little lad;
I had not learned the lessons
That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of grief and parting,
And something seemed to fill
My heart with tears, while in my ears
Resounded "whip-poor-will."
"*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*"
Sad and shrill—"*whippoorwill!*"

'Twas but a shadowy sadness,
That lightly passed away;
But I have known the substance
Of sorrow, since that day.
For nevermore at twilight,
Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,
And hear the whip-poor-will.
"*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*"
Sad and shrill—"*whippoorwill!*"

But if you still remember,
In that fair land of light,
The pains and fears that touch us
Along this edge of night,
I think all earthly grieving,
And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,
Who hears the whip-poor-will.
"*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*"
A passing thrill—"*whippoorwill!*"

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In such work as this, simple, genuine, touched with true feeling, shaped with sincere art, the quality of a true singer comes out; and one cannot read these and kindred poems in this volume without the conviction that a real voice is speaking here. To say as much as this is to separate the writer of the volume at once from the throng of dexterous and imitative versifiers who crowd the ways of song; the vitality and range of his gift may be wisely and safely left to the future which will tax and test and deepen it.

The Academic Ode which gives its title to the volume is one of those rare occasional pieces which seem to have grown out of an event instead of being fitted to it. Lowell's Commemoration Ode, read at Harvard, and Stedman's Ode on Hawthorne, read at Dartmouth, belong in this category; and Dr. van Dyke's "Builders" will take its place with them among the poems which are likely long to survive the day on which they were recited. Dr. van Dyke is a true university man; one, that is, who has assimilated the characteristic quality of the college tradition and life; he was, therefore, in the mood to discern the elements of spiritual interest, the elements susceptible of poetic treatment, in the Princeton celebration. He conceived his opportunity broadly and deeply, and he treated it with a kind of grave simplicity admirably fitted to express its lasting significance, and yet with touches of eloquent speech such as naturally belong to a verse structure of such proportions and dignity. A fine thought inspires the Ode and is wrought out with true freedom of hand.

A strong, courageous spirit, one gathers from all these books, finds its home in the heart of the man who wrote them; a mind well trained, ripened by culture, given to that continuous meditation which gets at the vital quality in knowledge and experience and grows by what it feeds on; an imagination sensitive, open, responsive; a gift of expression at once lucid, cogent, and winning; a born lover of Nature; and now, last of all, a true singer of Nature and life. A man so endowed owes his fellows all the inspiration, stimulus, vision, and delight which Henry van Dyke has given the world.

Parental Responsibility

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

THIS is a very simple story of a timid child; how she came by her faintheartedness, and how she left it behind; and of a mother whose own fear made her brave.

A great fright had come to the young wife, and the little girl received an inheritance of more than mortal timidity. Her first recollection is of fainting at the sight of a tall and unknown uncle coming to take her in his arms; and her second, of her breath seeming to fail when a loud ring came at the door. Every strange face, every unremembered form, every unusual noise, every animal unknown to the neighborhood, sent her pale and breathless to hide in the folds of her mother's skirts. But, great as were palpable terrors, those of the imagination harried her more. Overhearing some one read from a newspaper that a church floor had fallen through, every church service was thereafter one of patient waiting for inevitable destruction; while an older schoolmate's composition on the ingenuities of the Inquisition was sufficient to fix her strained eyes on the walls of every unfamiliar room to discover the exact moment of their beginning to close upon her.

What could be done with such a little coward? Say "Nonsense," and she would simply sit a little stiller, bite her lips a little harder, and suffer more intolerably. The mother was timid herself, and understood; but to allow the child to grow up in this attitude meant a life warped and self-centered, if not utterly ruined. The small brain was fast covering itself with creases of communication from one terror to another; and the mother, with beautiful acceptance of parental respons bility, began the task of obliterating the prenatal and inherited channels of thought and paralleling them with others of quite another character.

She started on the principle of the best

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teachers, who never tell a pupil how a word ought *not* to be spelled, but always present it in its correct form. She never mentioned fear, but talked much of courage, and dwelt upon deeds of bravery culled from history, the newspapers, and the reports of the school-children. Visitors were kept waiting in the vestibule while guesses were made as to what favorite caller or what inviting store packages might be at hand, until the child was eager to satisfy her curiosity in the protecting wake of some elder going to the fearsome door. Bags of candy left in dark and distant rooms were offered to whoever would bring them, and when that exploit was attempted a door was left ajar and a voice raised in conversation that the small thing might know protection was near. Favorite songs were kept for bedtime, when the mother courageously sat as far away as the foot of the stairs, or even the piano, singing in her cheeriest tones; and favorite reminiscences of a generation ago were reserved for those night hours when the child, whose very dreams were a terror, left her bed in search of comfort.

Thunder and lightning were made friends in another way. Drawings of the flashes, both in the forked variety familiar to the eye and the waved outlines revealed to the camera, were passed about, and the child hired to verify the different portrayals. Discords on the piano, followed by their resolutions, were applied to the thunderbolts, and the girl was gently taught to see how the air was cleared and cooled and the world made more lovely by the dreaded summer storm.

With advancing years and stature, the child was tempted forth at night ostensibly to take care of an older brother, and on family travels she was honored by being given charge of the checks and later of arrangements with hotel clerks and sleeping-car porters of fearful aspect. A cousin having been killed on a falling bridge, railroad viaducts were alarming to an extent that no familiarity seemed able to abate. "They frighten me, too," the mother once confessed, "but I always say, 'Into thy hands, Lord,' and then, without waiting to look out the window, I start down the aisle for a drink of water, and make a point of smiling at every little child on the way." That prescription was, if not a cure, at least a sufficient distraction.

In those days, too, the girl's reason was oftener appealed to in the work of regeneration. "I find for myself," the mother would say incidentally—oh, the grace and effectiveness of incidental instruction!—"that when I am frightened I must act at once. If I think burglars are at the windows, I jump up and get a light to satisfy myself; if an object in the dark makes me tremble, I drag my unwilling feet toward it, touch and examine it, and nearly always what seemed gigantic at a distance grows familiar when it is near." The girl was also taught outdoor sports, for which she had naturally little inclination. Bravely her mother sent her forth to learn to row and shoot and skate and ride, that the woods and the waters might teach her hardihood and love of nature, quicken her wits, and make her courageously ready for emergencies.

The story has gone far enough—perhaps too far—and it needs no Æsop come to moralize. If this child, predisposed to timidity, could grow through judicious care to be the opposite of the thing she was, so that the earth and its creatures, its solitude, its storms, and its midnights came to be a joy to her, what may not any mother, any teacher, accomplish with any child committed to her care? "Go wake the seeds of good asleep throughout the world," sang Browning; and again:

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing.

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The Price

By William Canton

A man lived fifty years—joy dashed with tears;
Loved, toiled; had wife and child, and lost them; died;
And left of all his long life's work one little song.
That lasted—nought beside.

Like the monk Felix's bird, that song was heard;
Doubt prayed, Faith soared, Death smiled itself to sleep;
That song saved souls. You say? The man paid stiffly? Nay.
God paid—and thought it cheap.

—*The Chap-Book.*

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Paul Dunbar, the Negro Poet

Not many months ago a slender volume came from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city, presenting the work of a young negro, Mr. Paul Dunbar. This selection of verse, part of which had appeared in an earlier volume, was prefaced by a very friendly notice from the hand of Mr. Howells, whose delight it is to discover new writers and to put them in the way of finding their public. The face of the poet, as presented in the book, was of the pure negro type. His story, as briefly told, was that of a poor boy with very limited educational opportunities, who had had some schooling, and who had gone to work at an early age, taking charge of an elevator. The significance of the book lay in the fact that it was the first volume of its quality which had come from the hand of a negro. That race so far has suffered and borne rather than acted and spoken. It has been a silent race, its only expression being through those pathetic songs which thirty years ago interpreted for the first time to people at large the feeling and tradition of negro life on the great plantations. Mr. Dunbar belongs to a different generation, and expresses a different sentiment. The verse was not great, but it had, in the dialect poems at least, a certain individuality and homeliness of sentiment which challenged attention. Broad characterization, picturesqueness, a certain joyfulness of temperament, made themselves felt in all the verse relating to negro life. In presenting three poems written for The Outlook by Mr. Dunbar and one (the last) selected from his book, we give our readers an opportunity of forming their own estimate of the quality of his work.

Little Brown Baby

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?
Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;
Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up, yit,
Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know yo—I b'lieves you's a tramp:
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;
I know he's hidin' erroun hyeah right neah.

Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, now, I thought dat you'd hug me up close.
Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se;
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res',
Wisht you could allus know ease an' clear skies;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—
Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes!

With the Lark

Night is for sorrow and dawn is for joy,
Chasing the troubles that fret and annoy;
Darkness for sighing and daylight for song,—
Cheery and chaste the strain, heartfelt and strong.
All the night through, though I moan in the dark,
I wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

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Deep in the midnight, the rain whips the leaves,
Softly and sadly the wood-spirit grieves.
But when the first hue of dawn tints the sky,
I shall shake out my wings like the birds and be dry;
And though, like the rain-drops, I grieved through the dark,
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

On the high hills of heaven, some morning to be,
Where the rain shall not grieve thro' the leaves of the tree,
There my heart shall be glad for the pain I have known,
For my hand shall be clasped in the hand of mine own;
And though life has been hard and death's pathway been dark,
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark!

Time to Tinker 'Roun'!

Summah's nice, wif sun a-shinin',
Spring is good wif greens and grass,
An' dey's somethings nice 'bout wintah,
Dough hit brings de freezin' blas';
But de time dat is de fines',
Whethah fiel's is green er brown,
Is w'en de rain's a-po'in'
An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Den you men's de mule's ol' ha'ness,
An' you men's de broken chair.
Hummin' all de time you's wukin'
Some ol' common kind o' air.
Evah now an' then you looks out,
Tryin' mighty ha'd to frown,
But you cain't, you's glad hit's rainin',
An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Oh, you 'ten's lak you so anxious
Evah time it so't o' stops.
W'en hit goes on, den you reckon
Dat de wet 'll he'p de crops.
But hit ain't de crops you's aftah;
You knows we'n de rain comes down
Dat's hit's too wet out fu' wukin',
An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Oh, dey's fun inside de co'n-crib,
An' dey's laffin' at de ba'n;
An' dey's allus some one jokin',
Er some one to tell a ya'n.
Dah's a quiet in yo' cabin,
Only fu' de rain's sof' soun';
So you's mighty blessed happy
We'n dey's time to tinker 'roun'!

When de Co'n Pone's Hot

Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a rattlin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a picaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twel it seems about to slop.
An' yo feel jes' lak a racah,
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a-sputter'n'
So's to show you whah dey's at,
Take away yo' sody biscuit,
Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' its 'proachin' very nigh,
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
Do' you know you'd bettah not,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers;
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuk me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahster's th'one
An' have lef' my hawt a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone.
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin',
An' de co'n pone's hot.

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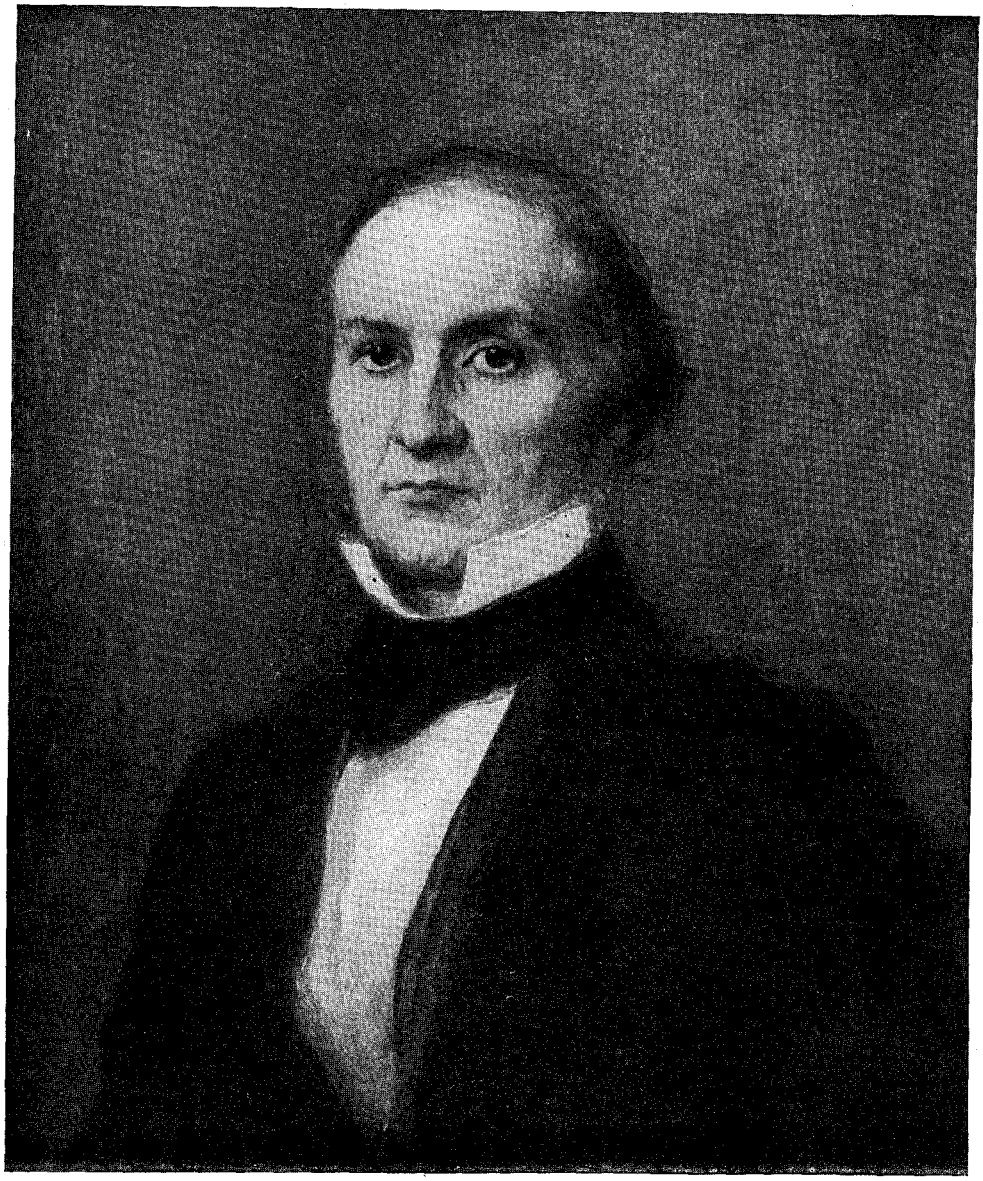

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

As he appeared forty years ago. From the painting by Mr. George Frederick Watts, R.A. Photographed by Mr. Frederick Hollyer, of London.

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The Story of Gladstone's Life[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CRIMEAN WAR

THE first time I ever heard a speech from Mr. Gladstone was on the 12th of October, 1853. It was on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue to Sir Robert Peel, erected in front of the Royal Infirmary in Manchester. On that occasion the freedom of the city was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and he delivered a speech in the Town Hall. That was a time when the Crimean War was impending but did not seem yet quite a certain fatality, and I well remember how intense was the interest with which everybody waited for any hint as to the possibility of peace that might be given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The speeches made by Mr. Gladstone on that memorable day were worthy of the man whom it commemorated, and of the man who was his most illustrious follower. I shall never forget the impression made on me by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and made still more, I think, by the sincerity and the earnestness of the orator himself. Commemoration speeches are apt to be triumphs of phrase-making and of rhetoric, and of nothing more. But in this instance the whole soul of the orator seemed to inspire the language of his speech. Mr. Gladstone appeared to be simply pouring out his heart and thought to a sympathetic audience. He spoke of Peel as he alone was qualified to speak of him; but I think every one who listened to Mr. Gladstone that day felt convinced in his mind that a greater statesman and a greater orator than Peel had risen up to take the foremost place in the political life of England. As regards the Crimean War, it was plain enough that Mr. Gladstone was only hoping against hope. He still persisted in a lingering longing to look for the maintenance of peace, but nobody who heard him could have doubted for a moment that Mr. Gladstone's belief in the possibility of the maintenance of peace was a faith which seemed very like despair. Soon after, the country "drifted," to use a famous expression, into the war with Russia, and on March 27, 1854, the public announcement of the war was made.

I am not now going back to the old story of the Crimean War. The country had been lashed into a passion for war, and there is no argument, for any European population at all events, when that passion for war lights up. The war had been opposed in the most earnest and vigorous manner by men like Cobden and Bright. Some of Bright's speeches against the war policy are models of reason, of feeling, and of eloquence. But they only served to make Mr. Bright unpopular for the moment with the majority of his countrymen, and he was burnt in effigy in several places as the friend of Russia. Everybody knew that Mr. Gladstone was, above all things, a votary of peace, of economy, and of everything which could add to the national prosperity. For him there was no glory about war. At a much later period of his career he declared that he did not understand what was meant by national *prestige*. He had to prepare a war budget, but even in the speech which introduced it he took care to express the profound dislike he felt to any war that was not actually inevitable. Much, no doubt, of the misery which the war entailed was due to the fact that many of those who, like Mr. Gladstone, were dragged into accepting it had no heart in the war policy and no sympathy with it. The Prime Minister of England himself, Lord Aberdeen, was anxious to the very last to keep out of the war. The trouble in all such cases is that patriotic Englishmen naturally shrink from abandoning the public service of their country at a time when the country is on the eve of a great campaign. Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone remained, therefore, at their posts after the war broke out.

There is not now, I believe, a single responsible public man in England who does not utterly condemn the policy of that most unfortunate war. To England it brought

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MANCHESTER: ESPLANADE IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY

In the foreground is the statue of Sir Robert Peel, by Marshall. On the occasion of the statue's unveiling (1853) Mr. Gladstone delivered a speech, and the freedom of the city was presented to him.

nothing but loss and misery. There was no glory to be gained out of it, even if England had wanted glory of that kind. Never before in all her warlike history had England been so poorly served by her commanders in the field. No Henry the Fifth was there, no Duke of Marlborough, no Duke of Wellington. The suffering inflicted on Englishmen was not the work of the enemy; it was the work of their own military administration. The mismanagement, the perverse blundering, the utter incapacity of those who looked after the army on the field, were absolutely without precedent. The whole commissariat and hospital organization utterly broke down. England, as Mr. George Russell very truly says, "lost some twenty-four thousand men, of whom five-sixths died from preventable disease and the want of proper food, clothing, and shelter." With the help of the French and the Sardinians, the English army defeated the Russians time after time. Yet, when the whole war was over and done, only one great name came out of it, and that was the name of the Russian general, Todleben, who defended Sebastopol. If I were to mention in succession the names of the English commanders, very few of my readers now would know about whom I was talking. The war propped up for a short time the fabric of the French Second Empire. It made the fortune of the House of Piedmont. Count Cavour, not caring three straws about either Turkey or Russia, had seen his opportunity with the eye of genius and volunteered the alliance of Sardinia, and so obtained a right of representation at the Congress of Paris, where terms of peace were made, and thus laid the foundation of a United Italy under the House of Savoy. But for England the war did nothing whatever except to bring vast loss of treasure and vast sacrifice of gallant lives. No question in which we were concerned was settled by that war. What is called the Eastern Question remains unsettled still, or rather, indeed, I should say that it is in a far worse condition now than it was before the Crimean War broke out. The Ottoman Government, for whose sake we spent so much money and so much blood, has lately proved itself the most savage and tyrannical government known in civilization, and commits its Armenian massacres under our very eyes, metaphorically at least, and without the slightest regard to our expostulations. England fostered the Turkish Government to be an outrage upon civilization and a de-

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fiance to England herself. "We were fighting," said Mr. Bright, "for a hopeless cause and a worthless ally."

Meantime the condition of the English troops in the Crimea began to be a public scandal and horror. Mr. Roebuck announced in the House of Commons his intention to move for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the state of our army before Sebastopol, and "into the conduct of those departments of the government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army." There was no serious possibility of resisting such a motion. Such was the conviction of Lord John Russell, who instantly resigned his place in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone did not see his way to resign in the face of the debate and division which were about to take place. He even defended to the best of his power the policy and conduct of the administration. The result of the division was a majority of 157 against the Government. The Ministry of Lord Aberdeen—the Coalition Ministry, as it was called—broke down as a natural result of this declaration of the majority of the House of Commons. The Queen sent for Lord Derby, who endeavored to form an administration, but could not succeed. He offered a place to Mr. Gladstone, but Mr. Gladstone declined it. Two other eminent "Peelites," as they were called, Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert, also refused to accept office under Lord Derby. All three gave as a reason that they had opposed the motion for a sort of amateur inquiry into the military organization in the Crimea, and that they could not countenance it by remaining members of the Government. There was nothing for it but to make Lord Palmerston Prime Minister. The Peelites were willing to join him, but on the understood condition that the amateur inquiry was not to take place. Mr. Gladstone was offered the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accepted the office. Lord Palmerston had once described himself very correctly as, under the conditions, the "inevitable" Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone was certainly the inevitable Chancellor of the Exchequer. "He is indispensable," said a keen observer at the time, "if only because any other Chancellor of the Exchequer would be torn into pieces by him." It has to be observed that this was the first time that Gladstone consented to take office under a Whig leader. This was, therefore, a distinct advance on the way to Liberalism first, and to Radicalism afterwards. Lord Palmerston, of course, was not much of a Liberal, and was nothing of a Radical. Still, he stood up as an opponent to Toryism, and professed to be a man of progress; and therefore, when Gladstone joined his Cabinet, there was clear evidence that Gladstone had done forever with the "stern and unbending Tories," of whom, according to Macaulay, he was once the rising hope. He did not, however, serve for long under the new Government. As I have said, Lord Palmerston's administration was formed on the understanding that Mr. Roebuck's demand for a sort of amateur inquiry into the carrying on of the Crimean War was not to be granted. Lord Palmerston, however, soon saw that the country would not be satisfied without some form of inquiry. The mind and heart of England were sick and sore because of the stories of military maladministration and easily avoidable disaster. Palmerston consented to the inquiry, and thereupon Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert resigned office. They had been members of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet about three weeks. Sir George Cornewall Lewis became Chancellor of the Exchequer in place of Mr. Gladstone. Gladstone took his seat on one of the back benches, behind the bench on which the members of the Government have their places. I have many times seen him rise from that seat and heard him criticise the financial schemes of his successor. His criticisms had, it is needless to say, life and vigor in them. He was master of every subject which could be included in a budget. He knew all the details of every question. He could at any moment pour out a flood of criticism which dissolved the proposals of an opponent as a stream of corrosive acid might have done.

I must say for myself that I always had a very high idea of the ability of Sir George Cornewall Lewis. He is a man who is almost wholly forgotten in our time; but I am convinced that he was one of the most thoroughly intellectual men of his day. I know that it may fairly be asked of me, "How could a man come

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to be forgotten if he had said or done anything worth remembering?" All I can say is that I quite admit the fact that Sir George Lewis is personally forgotten, but I insist upon it that he seemed to me to have one of the greatest intellects of his time, and I know that some of his sayings, witty, sarcastic, humorous, and profound, have passed into our common literature and our common talk, and are quoted every day by people who have some faint notion that they are citations from Dean Swift or Sydney Smith. Lewis had a miserably poor voice, and had no ideas about elocution, and the House of Commons hardly ever takes to a man whom it is difficult to understand or follow. In no case whatever could he have been an equal of Mr. Gladstone in financial argument, and he must have had a hard time of it very often while under the criticism of Mr. Gladstone. There was, I am sure, a great deal of the genuine philosopher about him, and I have little doubt that he said to himself now and again, "I am no match for Gladstone, and I know it. I have not the voice or the fluency or the eloquence. But there is one thing I can do; I can thoroughly admire Gladstone, and admit his superiority."

Gladstone, however, did not confine himself to criticisms merely of financial policy. He showed himself an independent critic on all subjects which aroused in him any question of principle. He made a great speech in the important debate on the manner in which the English authorities had behaved towards the Chinese in the once famous question of the *lorcha* Arrow. The Government was defeated on that question, and Parliament was dissolved. But Lord Palmerston was quite safe. He had appealed to what may be called the Jingo feeling of the country. He had denounced the Chinese Governor of Canton as "an insolent barbarian," and he came back into power with a strong majority. Mr. Gladstone was returned without opposition for the University of Oxford. He seemed to many observers somewhat depressed and disgusted by the condition of affairs, and by the triumph of Lord Palmerston over what appeared to Mr. Gladstone to be moral principle and national honor. On June the third, 1857, we find it noted in Mr. Greville's journal that "Gladstone hardly ever goes near the House of Commons, and never opens his lips." He was destined, however, before long to open his lips to some purpose. The Divorce Bill was introduced by the Government, and there was no subject in human affairs on which Gladstone felt stronger convictions than the introduction of a measure to make divorce cheap and easy.

It is quite certain that Gladstone never liked being under the leadership of Lord Palmerston. It is quite certain that he was glad just at this time to be released from such a leadership. The natures of the two men were totally unlike. One was earnest about everything; the other was earnest about nothing. But we may fairly assume that Gladstone, having so suddenly withdrawn from Lord Palmerston's administration, was not anxious, was indeed very unwilling, to start up in opposition to his late leader. The Divorce Bill was, however, too much for him, and he felt that he was bound to stand up and bear testimony against it.

It was not likely, in any case, that such a man as Gladstone could remain long away from the House of Commons, or, being there, could hold his peace forever. At several periods in Mr. Gladstone's career there came a short season during which he seemed to have practically withdrawn from Parliamentary life; during which he seldom came near the House of Commons, and never opened his lips there. Such a season never could have occurred in the career of a man like Lord Palmerston or Mr. Disraeli. Palmerston and Disraeli lived for the House of Commons and in the House of Commons. To attend its debates was a necessity to either man's existence. It was not so with Mr. Gladstone. He went to the House of Commons because it gave him an opportunity of advocating some great measure of national importance, or of opposing some scheme which he believed to be wrong. Each short secession came to an end the moment when Mr. Gladstone saw that there was work which he ought to do. In 1857 Mr. Gladstone found himself drawn back to the House by his determination to oppose the Divorce Bill which was brought in by Lord Palmerston's Government. He fought this bill through its

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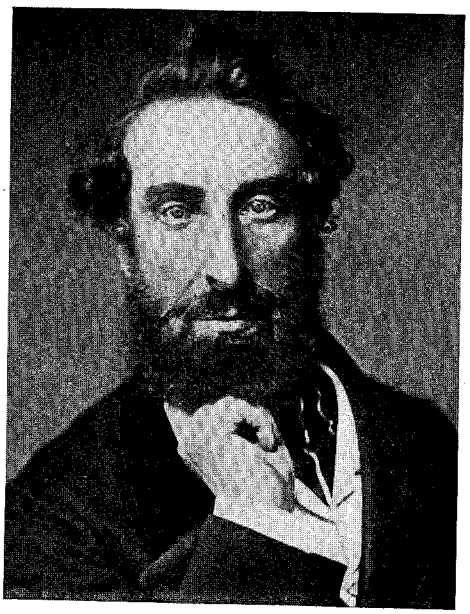

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, BARON LYTTON

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co. Bulwer was a famous novelist but not so famous a statesman. Died 1873. At the time of this installment he was Secretary of State for the Colonies.

CAMILLO BENSO, COUNT DI CAVOUR

From a photograph by Signor Brogi, of Florence. From 1852 to his death in 1861 Cavour conducted the policy of Italy in a masterly manner. He was one of the greatest statesmen of modern times.

CHARLES LOUIS, NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH

From a photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, London. At the end of 1848 Louis Napoleon became President of the Second Republic; at the end of 1852, Emperor of the French. Died 1873.

RICHARD BETHELL, BARON WESTBURY

From a photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, London. Lord Westbury was twice Attorney-General and once Lord Chancellor. He did much to mold the development of equity jurisprudence. Died 1873.

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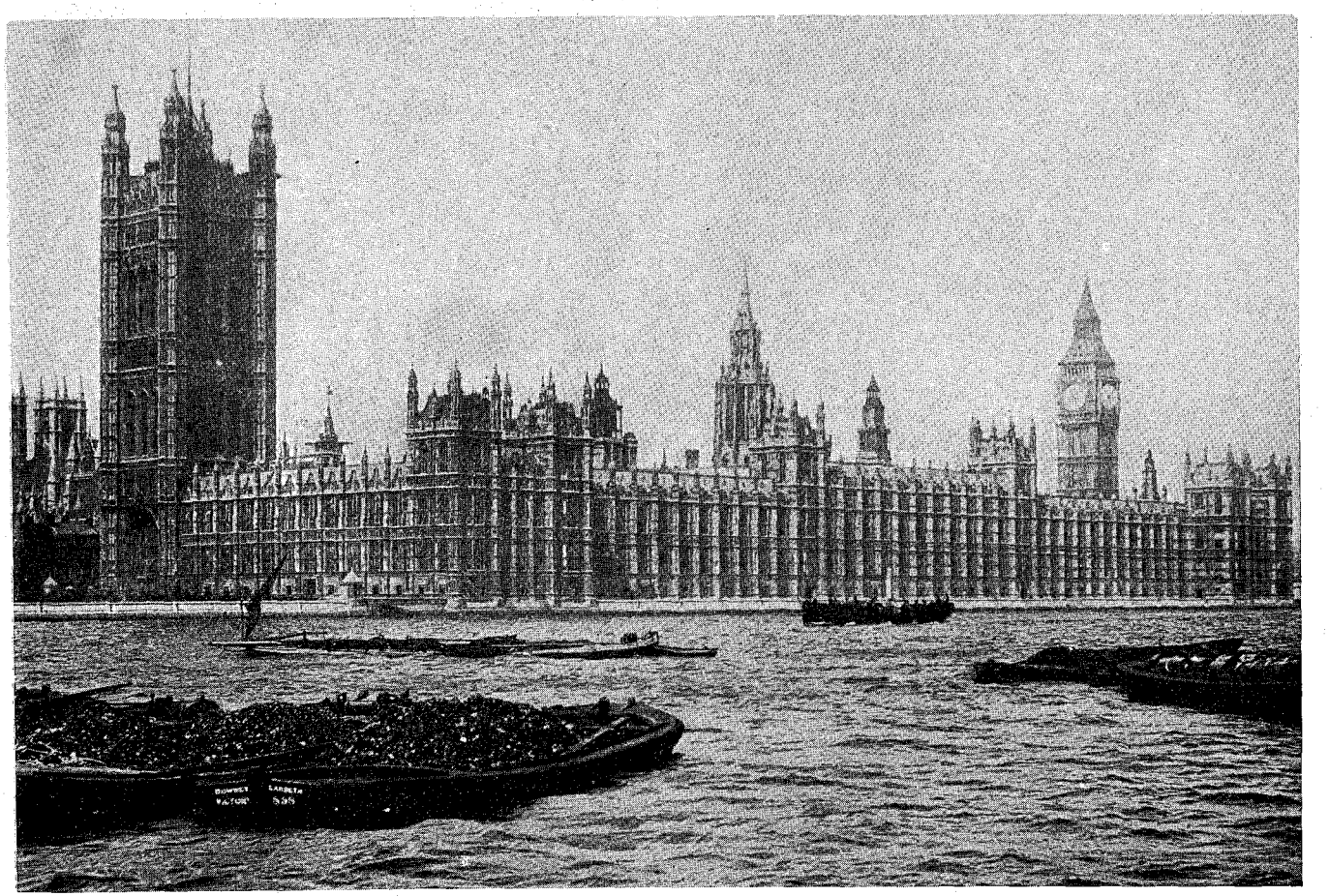

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE THAMES

From a photograph by Mr. F. Frith, of Reigate

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THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM GREAT GEORGE STREET

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

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every stage with characteristic and indomitable energy. He spoke incessantly in the debates on the measure, and he fought it with a spirit and with a mastery of detail which aroused the wonder even of those who knew him best. He opposed the measure first of all upon the high ground of principle. He contended that marriage was not only or mainly an arrangement of the nature of a civil contract, like the hiring of a house or the setting up of a mercantile partnership. He refused to admit for a moment the idea that marriage could be anything but a mystery of the Christian religion. He appealed to the law of God as to the inviolable sanctity of the marriage tie. That bond, he said, could not be severed in such a manner as to allow either of the parties to marry again. This was his first line of defense, and he sustained his position with splendid eloquence and perseverance.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. VICTORIA TOWER

From an old drawing. The twin towers of Westminster Abbey are seen to the left.

Now, the House of Commons is not an assembly which is easily to be influenced or impressed by considerations of so exalted a nature. It is usually and for the most part a prosaic, man-of-the-world, half-cynical sort of assembly which is inclined to take human beings pretty much as they are commonly found in clubs and drawing-rooms and on race-courses, and is rather impatient of any appeal to what may be called the higher law. Yet it cannot be doubted that the magnificence of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence enthralled the House for the time, although it could not in the end carry the division. The most light-minded members of the House listened in breathless admiration to those noble appeals to the higher law for which nobody so well as he could have obtained a hearing. Every one must admit that, whether he was practically right or wrong, he took in his argument the loftiest position that statesmanship or morality could occupy. He fought his battle not only in the House of Commons, but also in the public press. Mr. Gladstone has always at every great crisis of his career championed his cause in the journals and the reviews as well as on the public platform and in the House of Commons. He put his principles very clearly and emphatically in an article which appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in which he says: "Our Lord has emphatically told us that, at and from the beginning, marriage was perpetual, and was on both sides single." From these opinions Mr. Gladstone has never since receded in the least. He has changed his views on many subjects, but on this question his opinions have undergone no change. When he had fought the bill on its main principle, and then endeavored to have it postponed for fuller public examination and discussion, and had been beaten on both those issues, he next applied himself to amend the bill in its passage through committee. As every one knows, the actual principle of a bill is determined on its second reading in the House of Commons. That principle is then taken to be established, and thereupon the bill goes into committee to be

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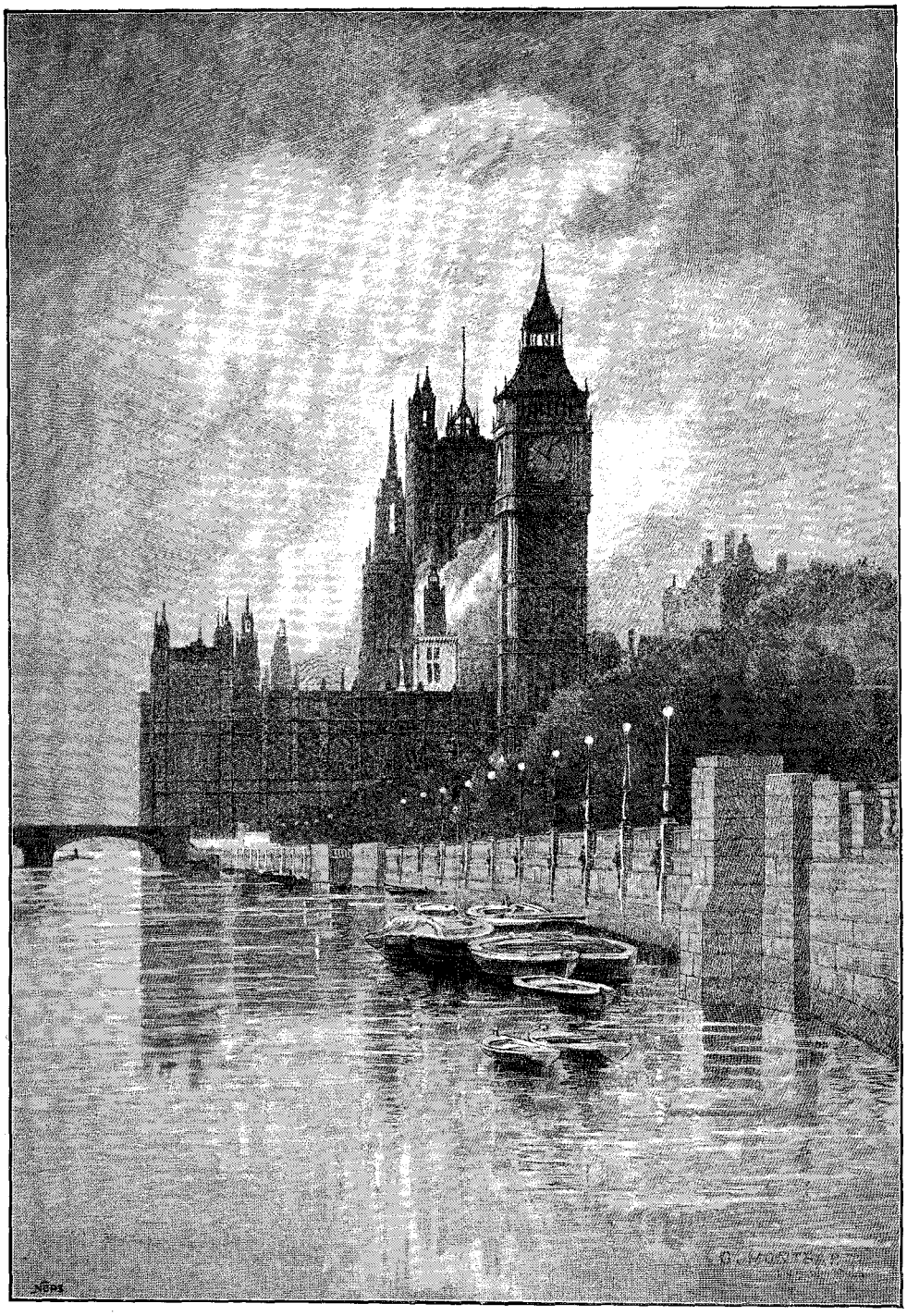

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NIGHT VIEW

From a drawing by M. Georges Montbard, of Paris. The present Houses of Parliament were begun in 1840 from a plan by Sir Charles Barry, selected out of nearly a hundred sent in for competition. The style is Perpendicular Gothic. The building covers eight acres, and has cost in all about $15,000,000.

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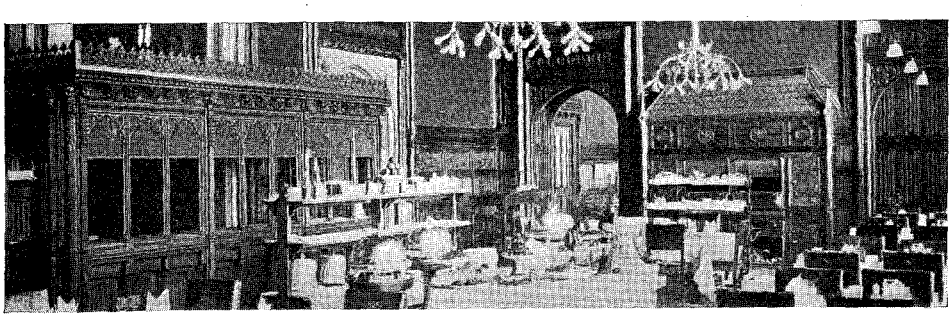
amended or modified or made worse in its details. Mr. Gladstone applied himself to an unceasing effort for the elimination from the bill of what seemed to him its worst and most offensive purposes. He pointed out, for instance, that there was a fundamental injustice in that part of the bill which would entitle the husband to obtain a divorce from an unfaithful wife because of a single act of infidelity, but which did not give the same right to the wife against the husband, and did not entitle her to obtain a divorce unless the husband had been physically cruel as well as morally unfaithful.

The debates in committee were conducted on the part of the Government by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury, one of the keenest and ablest lawyers ever known in the House of Commons. Sir Richard Bethell was master of every statute and every clause which could have any bearing on the subject, and he had an unfailing resource of acrid and even vitriolic sarcasm. It might well have been thought by many people that even Mr. Gladstone, with all his eloquence, would be no match for such an antagonist on that antagonist's own ground. But Mr. Gladstone never in his whole life showed a more marvelous fighting power than he put forward in this long controversy. To every reply he had his rejoinder; to every citation of authority he had another citation at the tip of his tongue. His marvelous gift of memory came into surprising play. He could repeat whole passages from a statute without a scrap of a note to assist him. One might have thought, to hear him, that he had given up his entire life to the study of the marriage laws of various ages and nations, and had never allowed his attention to be distracted from the subject by finance or politics or the reading of Homer. He did succeed in obtaining some slight improvements in the measure, but the bill in its main provisions was passed in spite of all his resistance. Old members of the House of Commons will tell you unto this day of the effect produced by those splendid passages of arms. Bethell, they all say, was great, but Gladstone was greater, and it was Bethell's own ground and not Gladstone's. The bill was passed into law, and Mr. Gladstone has never ceased to condemn it. Something, of course, has to be said for the bill if we consent to come down from that lofty religious principle which Mr. Gladstone maintained, and which some of the great churches of the world have always maintained. It has to be said that divorce existed in England long before the passing of the Act Mr. Gladstone opposed, but it was divorce obtained after a very different fashion. A divorce could be obtained, first of all, by proving the offense in a court of law, and then by passing a bill through both Houses of Parliament to give effect to the judgment of the court of law by the dissolution of the marriage. This was an immensely costly process, and it made divorce the luxury of the very rich. Mr. Gladstone did not find his conscience or his mind attracted by the prospect of facility or cheapness.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE IONIAN ISLANDS

I venture to think that Mr. Gladstone never undertook a more congenial task than that which was offered to him by the Tory Government, which had turned out Lord Palmerston, when the Homeric scholar was invited to go out to the Ionian Islands for the purpose of conducting an inquiry on the spot as to the complaints and grievances of the island-



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. DINING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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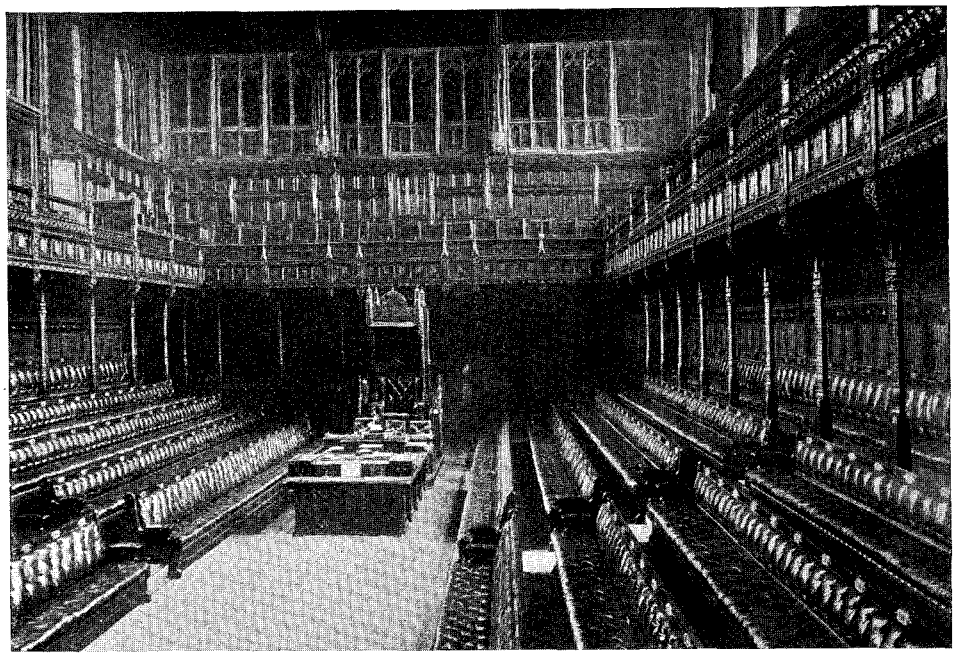

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Immediately facing the spectator is the Speaker's chair. To his right are the seats of the party in power, the Ministers of the Cabinet occupying the first bench; to the Speaker's left are the seats of the Opposition, the leaders occupying the first bench. The Clerk's table is in front of the Speaker. The mace lies on this table. Behind and above the Speaker is the Reporters' Gallery; opposite this is the Strangers' Gallery.

ers. The proposal was made under the inspiration of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist and dramatist, who had become Secretary for the Colonies in the Tory Government. Bulwer Lytton's career in Parliament had up to this time been little better than an absolute failure. He had been in the House of Commons from 1831 to 1841, and his attempts at Parliamentary debate had ended in almost absolute breakdown. But he was a man of indomitable perseverance, and he seems to have said to himself that he would not die until he had made a name as a Parliamentary orator. A debater he never could have been, because he was so deaf that he had to read a speech in the newspapers before he could attempt to reply to it. His articulation was, from actual physical causes, so defective that almost any other man would have considered himself utterly debarred from any attempt at eloquence. But Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had a boundless confidence in himself—I should have called it a boundless self-conceit, if he had not made good his pretensions so far as popularity was concerned. One may smile at the extravagance of the style displayed in several of his novels, but it is impossible to deny that the novels had an immense popularity. He wrote a play, and was told by the critics that he had no dramatic gift. He accepted the fact that the play was a failure, but he said that he could do better, and he wrote the "Lady of Lyons," which, with all its preposterous faults, had for more than a generation a vast success, and even still holds the stage. Inspired by these successes, he seems to have made up his mind that he would conquer the House of Commons also. He did in the end conquer the House of Commons, after a fashion, very much as he had conquered the literary and the dramatic public. Even in the full popularity of Dickens and Thackeray he held his own with the literary public; even in the days of Gladstone and Bright and Disraeli he accomplished a marvelous success in the House of Commons. He was a master of the art of gorgeous phrase-making, elaborate no doubt, but very splendid. Whenever it was known that he was about to speak in a debate, the House was crowded. I am really unable to explain the secret of his success, but the success itself was at the

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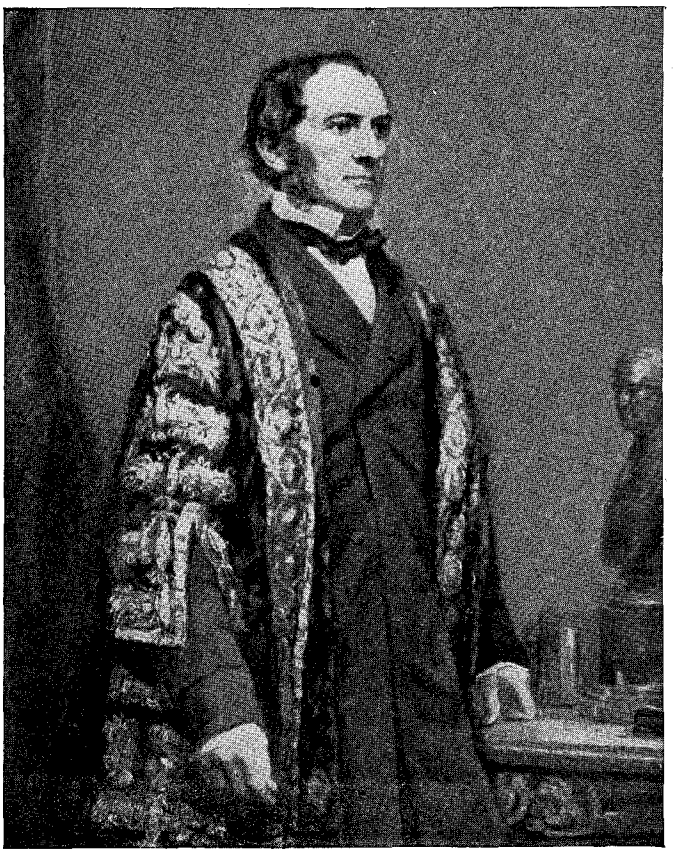
time a fact which it would be impossible to doubt. His speeches are well-nigh forgotten now in the House of Commons, and nobody any longer believes that he was a great orator. Some of us did not believe it even then; and even while we were under the influence of the spell we felt pretty clear that it was but a glamour and a magic destined to lose its effect. Still, we could not deny that Bulwer Lytton had conquered the House of Commons and held it for the time enthralled. Then he turned on to prove himself a practical statesman. He founded, for example, the Colony of British Columbia. But the mission of Mr. Gladstone to the Ionian Islands was something more in keeping with Bulwer Lytton's general tastes and tendencies. The seven Ionian Islands were united as a kind of commonwealth by the Treaty of Vienna, and they were placed under the protection of England, which had the right of maintaining garrisons in them. England was represented by a Lord High Commissioner, who was usually a soldier, and who was Commander-in-Chief as well as civil Governor. The Republic of the Seven Islands had a Senate and a Legislative Assembly. For many years there had been growing complaints in the islands against English administration. The complaints admitted, in fact, of no real compromise. What the islanders wanted above all things was to be Greeks and to be united with the Kingdom of Greece. It was futile to point out to them that their material affairs were much better administered under the English Government than they were likely to be under the Government of King Otho, the dull, incapable ruler of the Greek Kingdom. It was of no use to tell the islanders that they had much better roads and harbors and lines of steamers than were possessed by the inhabitants of the Greek Kingdom. Their whole ideas of life were not limited to roads and piers and bridges and harbors. They had an impassioned, romantic, indomitable desire to be united with their brothers of the Kingdom. Futile, unreasonable critics in this country tried to convince them that the islanders, after all, were not of kin with the Greeks of the mainland. It was argued that the inhabitants of the mainland had got so intermixed with other races that they could hardly be considered genuine Greeks at all. The islanders could not be reasoned out of their national sentiments by any inquiries into the pedigree or the family tree of the Grecian Kingdom. So there was always some trouble in the Ionian Islands, and the Lord High Commissioner every now and then dismissed



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1859. Fifty years old. Wearing his robes of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's second Administration. From an old illustration.

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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
From an old print.

some more or less mutinous Parliament and convened another by a general election, and the new Parliament was in spirit just the same as the old, and things went on exactly as they had been going before.

Bulwer Lytton was, it would seem, the first statesman in office to whom it occurred to ask himself whether, after all, there might not be something worth considering in the claims made by the people of the Seven Islands. "Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton," says a modern writer, "had not been long enough in office to become soaked in the ideas of routine. He did not regard the unanimous opinions of the insular legislature, municipalities, and press as evidence merely of the unutterable stupidity or the incurable ingratitude and wickedness of the Ionian populations." Therefore it occurred to him that it might be as well to send out some impartial statesman who could examine the controversy on the spot; and he could think of no one so well fitted for such a task as Mr. Gladstone. Every one knew that Mr. Gladstone was in strong sympathy with the general movement of Greece to accomplish a high destiny in Europe, and the mere fact that such a man was sent out would be enough in itself to prove to the islanders that no predetermined spirit of hostility was dictating the mission. The news of the offer was at first received in English society with incredulity, and

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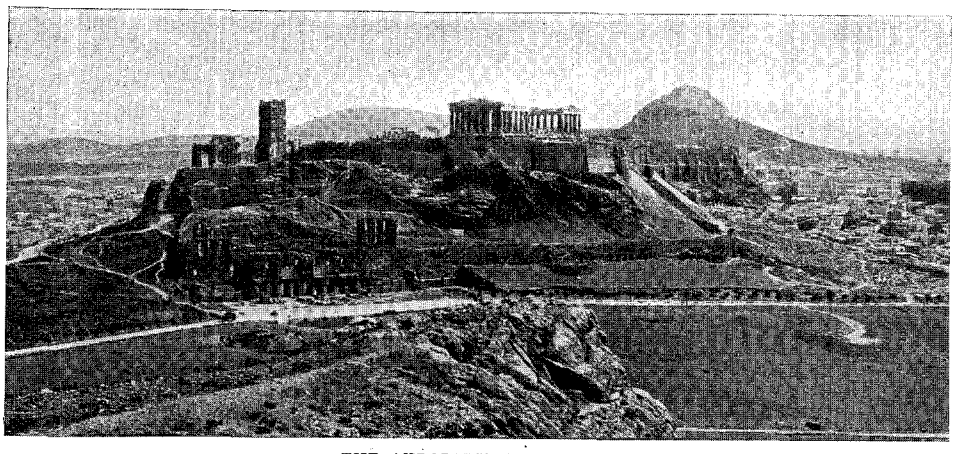

THE AKROPOLIS AT ATHENS

The hill called the Akropolis was the earliest seat of the Athenian Kings, and later was devoted solely to the worship of the gods. It attained its greatest splendor under Perikles. Crowning all is the Parthenon, the work of Iktinos and Kallikrates. The sculptural adornment was the work of Pheidias, the counselor of Perikles. To the left is the Propylæa, rivaling the Parthenon itself in the admiration of the ancients. Underneath and resting against the hill is the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, a Roman ruin. Further to the right are the remains of the Theater of Dionysos, where the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were first produced The city is mostly hidden by the Akropolis, but is seen extending on either side. Back of all rise the Lykabettos (commanding a splendid view) and the hills to the north. Mr. Gladstone visited Greece in 1858-9.

then with a good deal of ridicule. Is it possible, wise and solemn people asked, that Mr. Gladstone could be induced to accept so crazy a mission? Mr. Gladstone, however, did not think the mission altogether crazy, and he at once accepted it. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had made in his dispatch an eloquent allusion to Mr. Gladstone's Homeric studies, and dry officials insisted that this was nothing short of an unwarrantable outrage on all the precedents of conventional diplomacy. "What are we coming to?" they asked. "We have a Prime Minister, Lord Derby, who goes in for Greek studies; we have a novelist as leader of the Government in the House of Commons; we have a novelist as Colonial Secretary; and these three propose to send out a man on a mission to the disturbed Ionian Islands for no other reason than because he is fond of reading Homer!"

Mr. Gladstone, however, was in hope that he could do some good by accepting the mission, and he went out to the Ionian Islands, arriving at Corfu in November, 1858. Up to that time I believe he never had been in Greece. It must have been to him like the actual realization of youth's best dream when he stood on the soil of Greece, when he went from island to island of that enchanting Greece for which nature and poetry and history and tradition have done so much, when he saw the home of Ulysses and the fabled rock of Sappho, and, above all, when he climbed the Acropolis of Athens and gazed upon the Parthenon, and, turning his eyes one way, looked on Mount Hymettus, and turning another way saw Salamis, and then, on a clear day, the outlines of the steep of Acro-Corinth.

Even the most commonplace among us who have in our early days been at all in love with Greek poetry and Greek history, were it through the blurring medium of translations and "cribs," have felt as we reached that enchanted soil rather as if we were coming home to some familiar scenes of our boyhood than as if we were entering for the first time into a foreign country. If that is so with the commonplace among us, how must it have been with a man like Mr. Gladstone, steeped to the lips in all the poetry, the history, and the traditions of Greece, and with now an opportunity given to him of visiting Greece, not merely as a tourist, however loving and devoted, but as a man intrusted with a mission to listen to the complaints of the Greek islanders and to endeavor to find some remedy for any genuine grievances of which they complained. Mr. Gladstone, it is needless to say, behaved with the most genuine and exact loyalty to the task he had undertaken for the British Government. On December the third, 1858, he called to-

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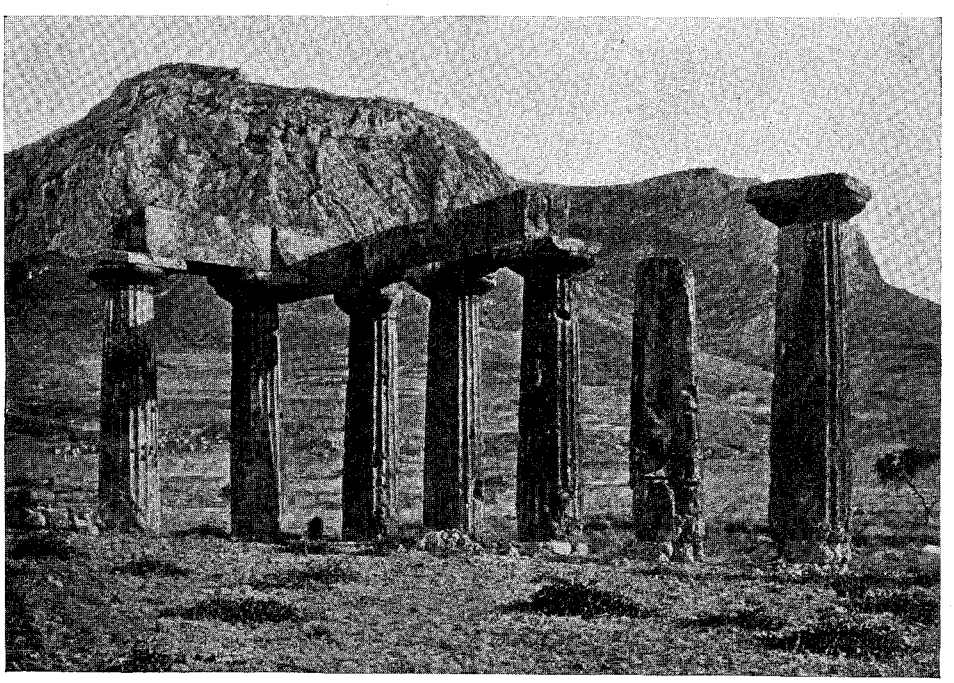
gether the Senate of the Septinsular Commonwealth at Corfu, and he explained to them the task which he had set out to accomplish if he could. At Corfu, and during all his public addresses in the Greek islands and the mainland, he spoke in Italian, which is the commanding foreign language once you leave Trieste on the way to the Levant. Mr. Gladstone did not attempt to speak in modern Greek. He could read modern Greek with perfect fluency, and has been heard to complain that he found some difficulty only when Greeks would write to him in a very bad hand and in "cursive Greek." But the hopeless incompatibility between the pronunciation of Greek taught at Oxford and the Greek spoken in Corfu or in Athens would have rendered it impossible for him to make himself effectively understood if he attempted to address in Greek a modern Greek audience. Every one who has been in Greece, and who knows anything at all of classic Greek, must have found that, while it is easy enough to make out the meaning of a leading article in an Athenian newspaper, it is hardly possible to make one's self understood by or to understand the courteous Greek to whom one puts a question in the streets. I have been told that the effect of Mr. Gladstone's discourses in Italian was something superb and electrifying. He told the Senate of the Ionian Islands at Corfu that the liberties guaranteed to the islanders by the treaties of Paris and by the Ionian law were absolutely sacred in the eyes of the Queen of England. But, he said, on the other hand, "the purpose for which the Queen has sent me here is not to inquire into the British Protectorate, but to examine into what way Great Britain may most honorably and amply discharge the obligations which, for purposes European and Ionian rather than British, she has contracted." Then he made an official visit to all the islands, receiving deputations and delivering replies. He undertook that a full inquiry should be made into every complaint or grievance, and that a thorough system of constitutional government should be established in the islands. As I have said, however, the Ionians had one uncompromising grievance—the grievance that they were kept from a thorough union with the Kingdom of Greece. The Legislative Assembly of the Seven Islands voted unanimously an address to the Queen, praying that they might be allowed to annex themselves to the Greeks of the mainland. Mr. Gladstone's visit was, in



THE TEMPLE AT CORINTH, SHOWING THE HILL BEHIND

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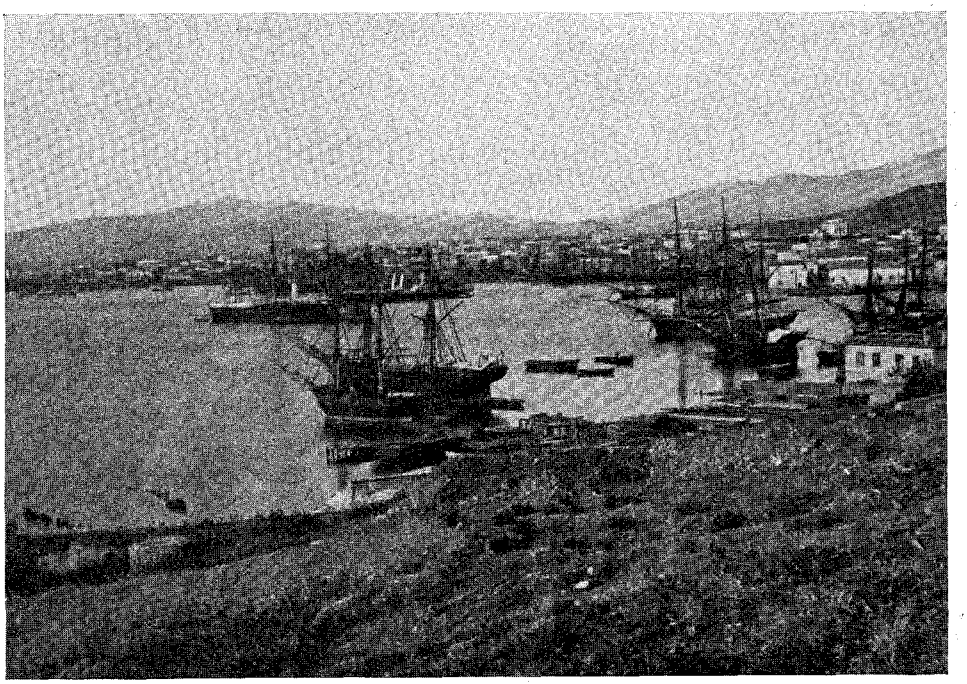
fact, a totally unsuccessful scheme for those who fondly desired that the Protectorate of England should be everlasting, and that the islanders should be brought to submit themselves to it and reconcile themselves with it. It may be taken for granted that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was not one of those who believed in the possibility of prevailing on the Greek islands to hold themselves aloof from the Greek Kingdom. No doubt, when he selected a man like Mr. Gladstone for the mission to the Ionian Islands, he foresaw well enough that the occasion would be availed of by the islanders to make such a demonstration as would convince the dullest Philistine in Westminster Palace that the hearts of the Greek islanders were unconquerably set on a union with the Kingdom of Greece. The people of the islands received Gladstone with all the enthusiasm and devotion which they believed due to one who was at heart in favor of their national aspirations. They cheered him, and crowded round him, and cried "Zeto" for him, not as the Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary of an English Tory Government, but simply as Gladstone the Philhellene. His tour through the islands and in the mainland was simply a triumphal progress. His path was strewed with flowers. Up to the last he maintained his assurances that the only object he was commissioned to attempt to accomplish was to make the Protectorate of England acceptable to the Ionian Islands, and not to release the islanders from the Protectorate which had been imposed on England as well as on the islands by the united counsels of the Great Powers of Europe. The islanders listened and applauded, but all the same they insisted on regarding Mr. Gladstone's mission as the foreshadowing of their national aspirations, of their union with their countrymen in the Kingdom of Greece. So indeed it proved to be before very long. The one material and practical result of Mr. Gladstone's mission to the Ionian Islands was to make it clear to even the dullest among us here at home that there was no way of satisfying the Ionian Islanders but by allowing them to unite themselves with Greece. We could easily, of course, crush them by superior strength, but until we had extinguished the life of the last Greek islander we could not extinguish



THE PIRÆUS, THE PORT OF ATHENS

The building of the Long Walls formerly made of Athens and its port one city. Now, as in old time, "the blockading of the Piræus" is one of the first things thought of by those who would coerce Greece.

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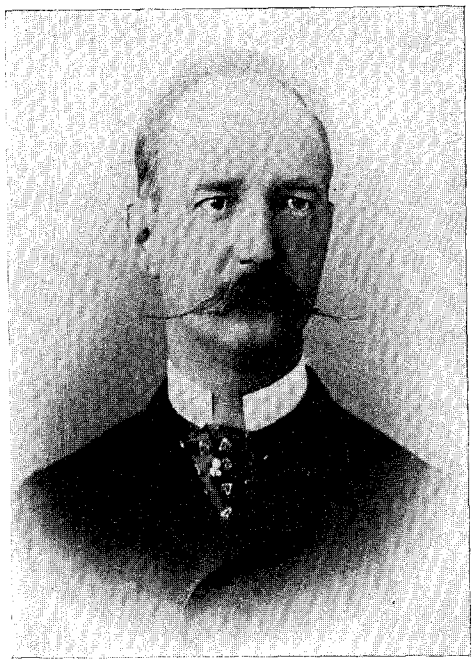
the just and natural passion for union with parent Greece. Mr. Gladstone, of course, got a great deal of abuse from the Tory press in England, and was accused of having stimulated and fomented the desire of the islanders for a release from the British Protectorate. The most hasty perusal of Mr. Gladstone's speeches must have shown that he was most cautious not to do anything of the kind. In no way whatever did he exceed the strict terms of his mission to the islands, but in any case some of the London newspapers wrote as if the Ionian Islands had been bound from all time to a grateful devotion to England. They wrote as if England had called the islands into being, and as if any wish to get free from English control were as ingrate and graceless an act as the conduct of Regan and Goneril, the daughters of King Lear.

There was an attempt made for a while to maintain the Protectorate, but events soon settled the question. The opportunity came a few years after. The Greeks of the Kingdom got sick of the stupid rule of their dull and heavy sovereign, King Otho. They simply bundled him out of Athens, bag and baggage. Then came the question what to do next. The Greeks themselves had probably had quite enough to do with kings for their time, although they had had only one sovereign. But the Great Powers of Europe, and perhaps more especially England, pressed upon them that they had really better have a king, for the mere look of the thing. There was at that time no republic in Europe but the Republic of Switzerland, and Greece did not feel strong enough to hold out against the pressure. The Greeks invited Prince Alfred of England, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, and still more lately Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and in fact they elected and proclaimed him King. But there was a clear understanding in European statesmanship that no prince of any of the great reigning families should be appointed as a sovereign over Greece. It was not in the least degree probable that an English prince would have accepted or would have been allowed to accept any such responsible and precarious position. The Government of the Emperor Napoleon the Third promptly managed to put in a practical objection to the proposal by delicately



GEORGE I. (GEORGIOS I.), KING OF GREECE

From a recent photograph. The King was formerly Prince Wilhelm of Denmark. He is the second son of Christian IX. In 1863 the National Assembly at Athens elected him King of the Hellenes. His wife, Queen Olga, is a niece of the late Alexander II. of Russia.

pointing out that if any of the Great Powers were to be allowed to appoint one of its princes to the throne of Greece, France had a prince of her own Imperial house quite disengaged, who might have a claim at least as good as another. The allusion was, of course, to the "unemployed Cæsar," as Monsieur Edmond About described him, the late Prince Napoleon, the Emperor's cousin, a man of extraordinary intellect, culture, and capacity, a statesman and a brilliant orator, by far the most gifted of the Napoleon family since the days of the family's great founder, but who with all his gifts came to nothing in the end. The English sovereign and government would not in any case have allowed Prince Alfred to accept the crown of Greece, even if the Prince himself had had the slightest ambition that way. But in any case the significant remark of the French Government would have settled the question. "Punch" made a capital comic cartoon out of the offer made to the sailor lad Prince Alfred. Then some one started the suggestion that a prince of the House of Denmark

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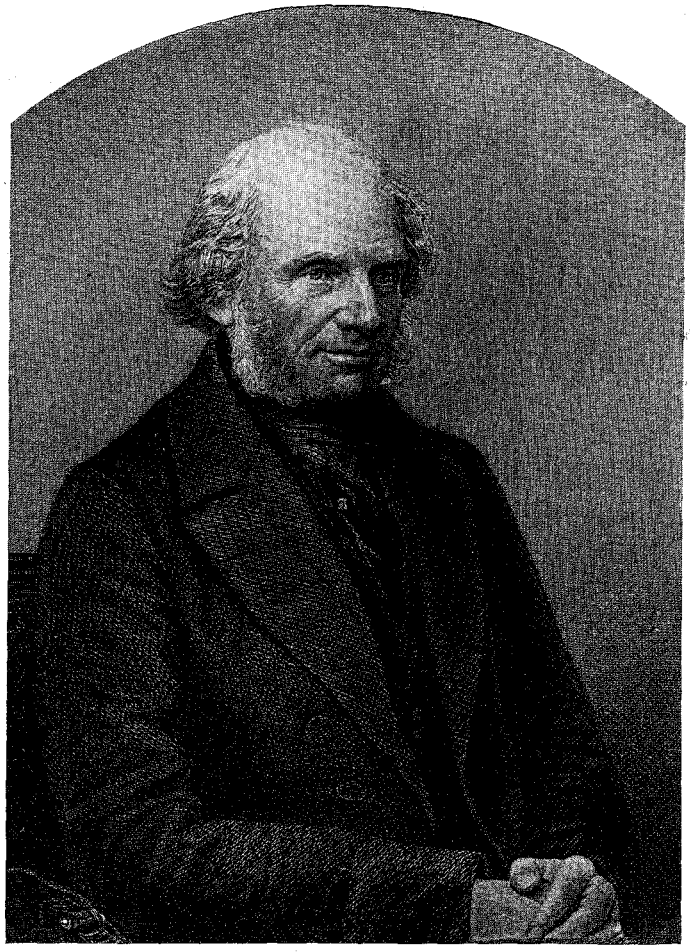

EARL RUSSELL (LORD JOHN RUSSELL)

From an engraving issued by the London Printing and Publishing Company. Perhaps more than any one else Lord John Russell accomplished the victory of the Reform Bill (1832). Throughout a long life he was a gallant leader of the Whig forces, especially in every extension of the suffrage. Upon the dissolution of the old Tory party (1846) he became Prime Minister, and continued in that office until 1852. After holding various Cabinet positions (among them that of Secretary of Foreign Affairs during our Civil War, his course towards us involving him in severe criticism) he again became Prime Minister (1865-6). Some years before, he had been raised to the peerage as Earl Russell. In 1867 Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Russell, on the latter's retirement from active politics, as follows: "Every incident that moves me farther from your side is painful to me. . . . So long as you have been ready to lead, I have been ready and glad to follow. . . . I am relieved to think that the conclusion you seem to have reached involves no visible severance; and I trust the remainder of my own political life, which I neither expect nor desire to be very long, may be passed in efforts which may have your countenance and approval." Lord Russell died in 1878.

should be made King of the Greeks, and the suggestion was accepted. The House of Denmark, it is hardly necessary to say, is brought by marriage bonds into close relationship with the royal family of England. The Prince of Wales is married to a Princess of the House of Denmark. The second son of the King of Denmark was offered the crown of Greece, and accepted it and became King—not of Greece; the Greeks, like the French of later monarchical times, were very particular about the title—but King of the Hellenes. Meanwhile the English Government had undergone a change, and Lord John Russell had come into office as Foreign Secretary under Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister and with Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The occasion seemed propitious to the new Government to allow the Ionian Islanders to carry out their long-cherished wish. Lord John Russell obtained the consent of the great continental powers to the handing over of the islands to the Kingdom of Greece and its new

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sovereign. A great deal of anger was expressed, of course, in some of the Tory newspapers, and Lord John Russell's action was denounced as though he had hauled down the flag of England from one of the Empire's most ancient and cherished possessions in cowardly deference to the demand of some great foreign power. As I have already pointed out, England had never conquered the Ionian Islands, had never annexed them, had never set up any claim whatever to their ownership, and had merely accepted, out of motives of public policy, the uncomfortable and troublesome charge which had been imposed upon her by the other great States of Europe. Some years passed between Mr. Gladstone's visit and the cession of the Ionian Islands to the Greek Kingdom, but the one event was a direct consequence of the other. But for Mr. Gladstone's visit the Liberal Government and the English people generally would never have known how resolute, how passionate, how unconquerable was the desire of the Ionian Islanders to be in union with the people of the Kingdom of Greece. The object-lesson which, as I remarked before, is always needed in political affairs was supplied by the reports and descriptions of Mr. Gladstone's progress through the seven islands. Not one Englishman in fifty thousand cared before that visit three straws about the condition or the feelings of the Ionian Islands. The ordinary Englishman hardly knew who the islanders were, or where they lived, or what was the matter with them. He saw now and then in his daily paper some brief announcement that the Lord High Commissioner had dissolved another Parliament at Corfu. The announcement did not affect him with any manner of interest. Very likely he did not know where Corfu was, and in case he did, would not have cared. But the condition of things became very different when one of the foremost English statesmen, perhaps the most picturesque statesman of his time, was sent out to inquire into the alleged grievances of the Ionian Islanders, and when the papers every day began to contain long descriptions of his movements and full reports of all the addresses delivered to him and all the replies which he returned. Then the minds of many men woke up at once to the reality of the state of things, and to the fact that there was in the far-off Levant a race of men over whom England had no right of conquest or rulership whatever, whom she was simply taking charge of to oblige the other great European powers, and who were filled with a passion to be united politically with their kindred in Greece. By the time that the Greek revolution had been accomplished, the English public was quite prepared for the proposal of

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM ERSKINE RUSSELL, M.P.

Nephew of the late Earl Russell (see preceding page). Mr. Russell has represented Aylesbury and North Beds in Parliament, and has occupied various Government positions. He is the author of a capital "Life of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone" in the series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers"

Lord John Russell. With a large number of that public the mere sentimental consideration that the brother of the Princess of Wales was to be the new King of the Hellenes settled the matter altogether. The vast majority, therefore, of the English people entirely approved the withdrawal of the British Protectorate, and the annexation of the islands to the Greek Kingdom.

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for June]

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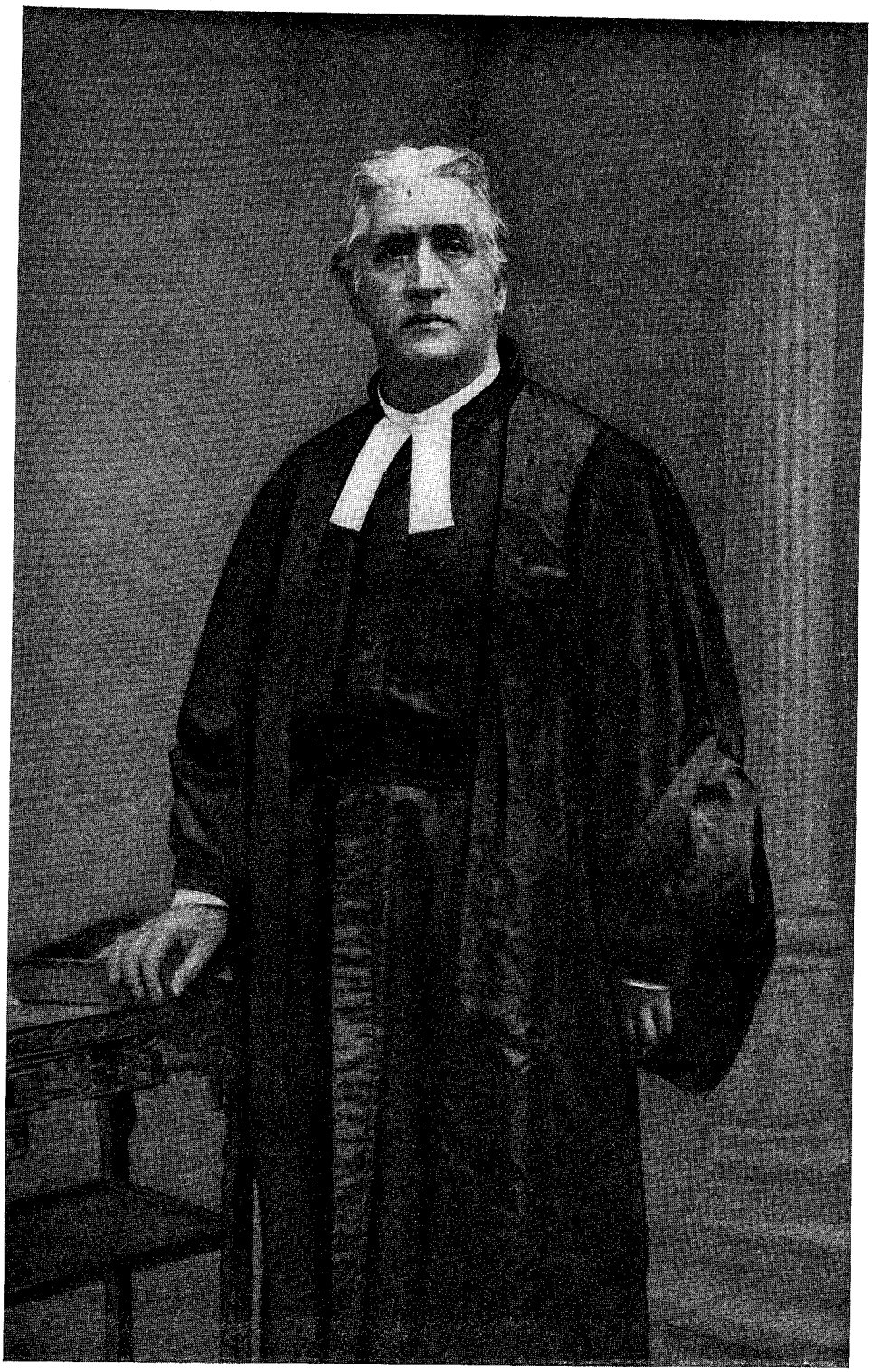

THE LATE EUGÈNE BERSIER
"The Phillips Brooks of Paris

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The Higher Life of Paris

By Charles Wagner

EVERY one can say, with St. Paul, There are two men in me; and with greater reason can every city say, There are two cities in me. It is vexing not to be known save by one's unpleasant aspects. Unhappily, they are often the most apparent. As there are those who do wrong in judging men only by their noisy and turbulent exhibitions —where only a secondary side of human nature appears—so also is it with certain cities. The world knows them rather by the accidents and excrescences of their surface than by their inner fibers. It is thus that the great cities make upon the imagination the impression of monsters, in that evil has reclothed itself in superhuman proportions. Many such cities have a detestable reputation; Paris perhaps more than others. Many naturally compare it to that Babylon which steeped all nations with the wine of its impurity. To many strangers "Paris" is a soiled name, and recalls only an unclean literature, a licentious theater, financial scandals, and all sorts of waywardness.

Such a reputation, which our compatriots as well as our enemies contribute to keep up, is as unmerited as it is regrettable. I will not deny the evil that is with us, nor essay the criticism that the worst things in Paris—such as literature and customs—are articles of export, which strangers encourage by buying. To throw the evil on others has always been a poor proceeding, and I confess, unhesitatingly, Yes, alas! all the evil which is alleged of us has foundation in fact. But the evil is not all of our life. Alongside luxurious, gaming, bantering, *décadent* Paris, there is another Paris which one forgets; not the scientific, artistic, industrial Paris, lawgiving throughout the world, but the Paris of great sympathies, of sublime compassion, of works of mercy, and of many virtues hidden in the shade.

It is of this unknown Paris that I will speak. I do not say that I will exhibit it all. God alone could do that. He alone knows the obscure good which the noise of this immense city covers. I will simply tell of the little which I have been able to discover, and this little I will lay as a pious homage before a city which I love, and before Truth, which is to me still dearer.

In our great cities the being that suffers most is the infant. Upon it falls all the weight of factitious and abnormal life. To be convinced of this we have only to read the statistics of mortality, chiefly during the months of great heat. Then only do we comprehend with what frightful hecatombs man pays for his errors, when he arranges for an existence from which are banished pure air, light, cool shade, fresh water, and so many other treasures which Nature gives freely to the poorest; treasures of which, in great human agglomerations, the rich are often deprived.

The misery of infancy has found thousands of hearts in Paris to pity and to help. Without doubt all that has been undertaken is yet too little. One must change customs and habits, one must arrest the foolish torrent of emigration from the country to the town; in a word, accomplish the impossible. But man is not responsible for what is beyond his strength; we should ask him to attempt only that which he can do. In this, Paris has certainly achieved great things. All these people, so busy or frivolous on the outside, hide a maternal tenderness. Very many are the *crèches* (day nurseries) and dispensaries, public and private, religious and lay; many are the "maternal schools," of which several do duty even for the infants of foreign nomads, who live all the year in their vagrant hiding-places. At midday in all these public schools soup is given to the poor children.

Many persons use their Thursdays and Sundays in bringing together some poor little ones whom no one else would care for, and in giving them a turn in the public gardens. Sometimes the children get a bath; their clothes are mended, or, what is better, they are taught how to

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mend them. When weather permits, they go as far as the ramparts or the suburbs. Finally, for several years, thousands of little Parisians have been sent to spend a summer month by the sea or in the country. Sometimes the expense of these outings is met by the funds of the city wards or the funds of the schools; sometimes by charitable associations, sometimes by individuals. I know young ladies, belonging to our best families, who are permitted by their parents to entertain, close to their own country-seats, a colony of little children from Paris. These young ladies employ their time in watching, instructing, and caring for the poor and often sickly children, and in putting a little joy into their sad existences.

One of the most interesting works in behalf of infancy is that founded in 1870 by Madame de Pressensé. After the executions and banishments of that terrible time, this great-hearted woman gathered together, in a suburb of Paris, the Communists' children, fed and educated them. Friends, moved by the otherwise miserable fate of these unhappy orphans, helped the work, which has continually prospered while its form has changed. It is now an asylum for children whose mothers are ill and must go to a hospital. The primitive establishment has been replaced by a fine structure, located in the Rue de Gercoué, XIV. Arrondissement. The house is directed by Mademoiselle Vieux, for many years devoted to the work among poor children. There is no sacrifice for the little ones of which this admirable woman is not capable. Formerly, when the house was small and an infirmary was lacking, she put all the sick into her own room, so as better to care for them during the night. Five years ago she broke her leg, and since then has been an invalid. She can hardly drag herself about, and her sufferings are often extreme. But she would rather die than not to be constantly surrounded by children; even their cries and turbulence do her good. Besides, she has an extraordinary influence upon them. I have seen one look from her put in order whole assemblages of rude and rebellious boys whom the most energetic men could not discipline. In the summer, with all the inhabitants of her house (chickens and rabbits included), Mademoiselle Vieux goes to Nogent sur Vernisson, where Madame Georges d'Eichthal's country-seat becomes her home.

Two years ago, at Ormesson (in the department of Seine-et-Oise) there was formed a hospital for tuberculous children. This hospital was built with the help of thousands of little and big purses. One could subscribe for a single brick. Almost all the children of Paris who have a few pennies to spend have had the honor of bringing their offering to this work of mercy.

For a long time the children morally neglected, or those whose parents are unworthy, also the poor little ones who beg in the streets, had excited special attention. The lamented ex-Premier, Jules Simon, placed himself at the head of a Société de Sauvetage de l'Enfance Abandonnée. This society declares that vicious or criminal parents who martyrize or corrupt their children have forfeited the right to them, and takes to itself the charge of the education which the parents had compromised. Monsieur Buisson, Director of Primary Instruction, and Madame Kergomard, Inspector-General, have organized a system of overseership exercised by numerous citizens. This consists of gathering from the streets the beggar-children, making them go to a school, and, if necessary, caring for them. The members of this society discovered in a part of Paris called the Cité Jeanne d'Arc an entire population of rag-pickers, whose children by hundreds had escaped from the obligation of going to the public schools. Poorly clad, covered with vermin, incapable of renouncing for certain hours the liberty of vagabond life, these children would be, in an ordinary school, elements of trouble, corruption, and uncleanness. It was therefore decided to put them in a special school, the entire programme and methods of which should be adapted to their needs. Meanwhile, some young people, full of zeal, hired rooms in this abandoned quarter, and in the evening gathered there the better-natured children in order to give them a rudimentary education and also certain distractions.

Nor have the needs of older youth been forgotten in these enterprises of good and fecund solidarity. Every evening in

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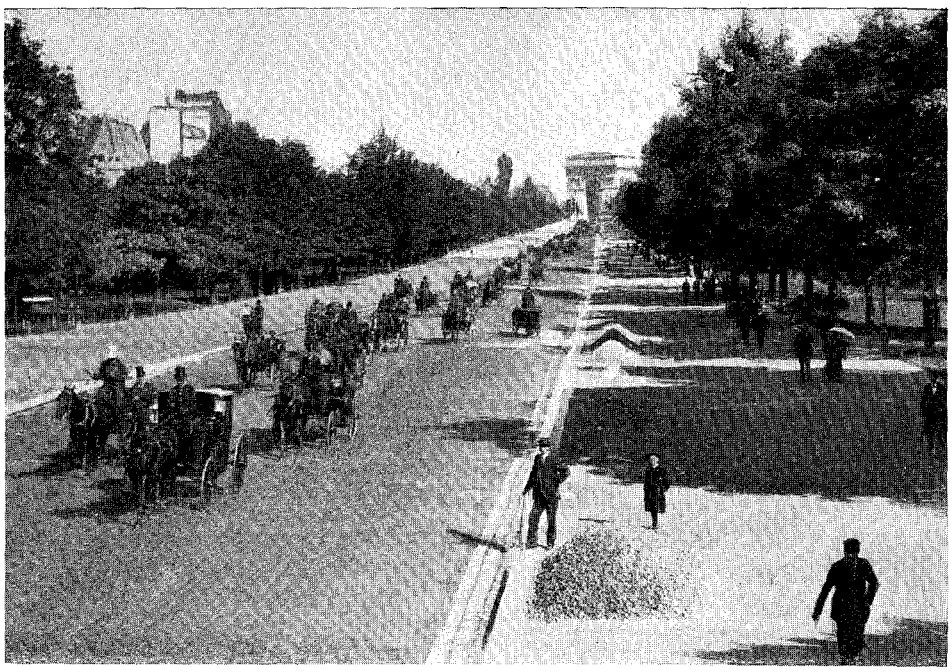
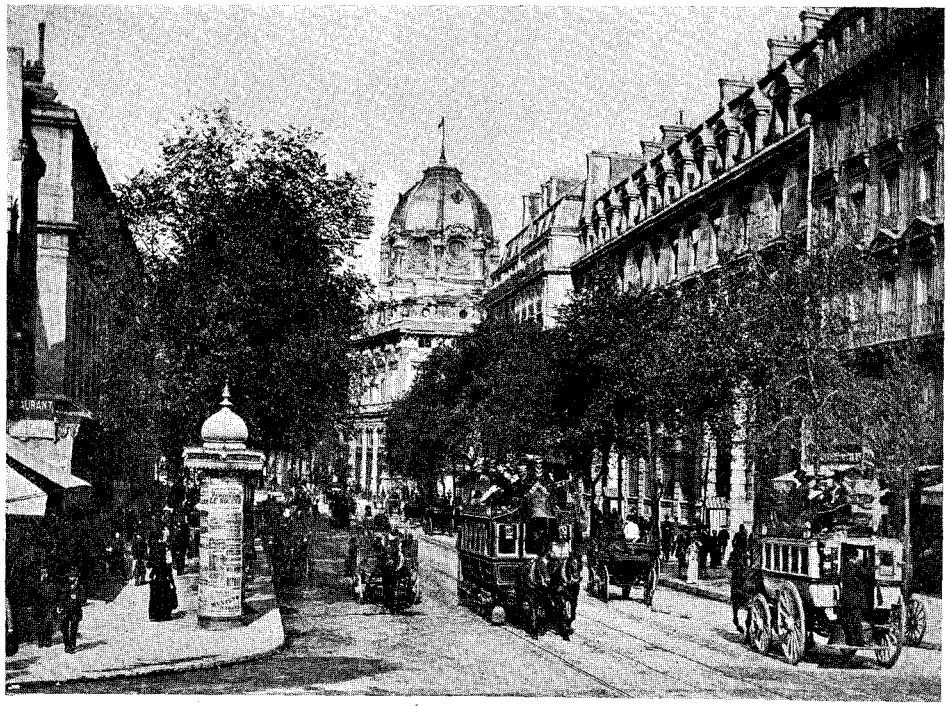


THE AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE
Leading from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bois



THE BOULEVARD DU PALAIS
Crossing an island in the Seine

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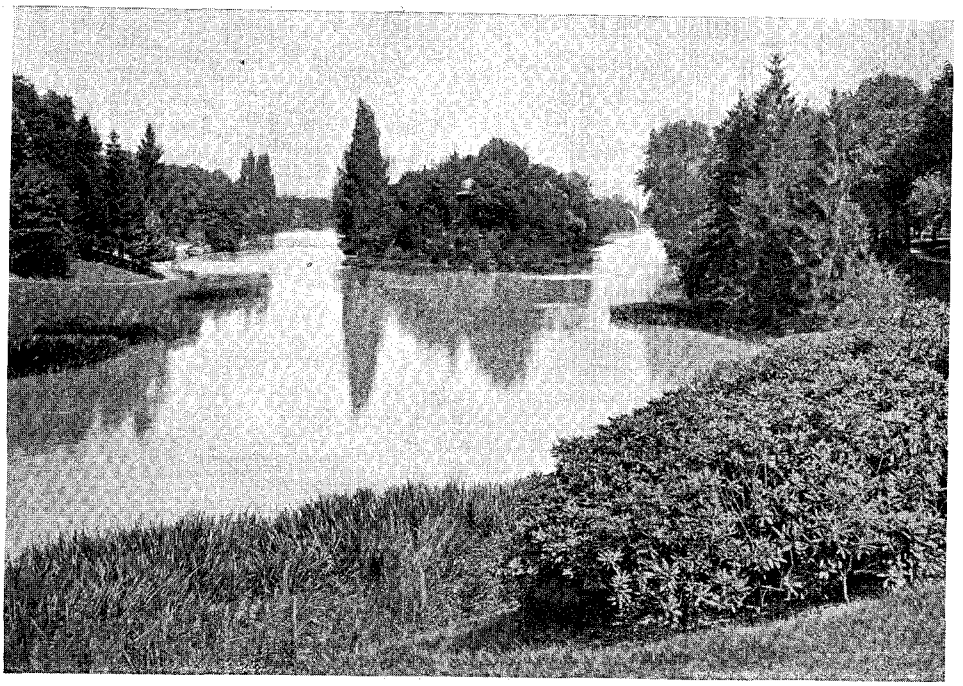
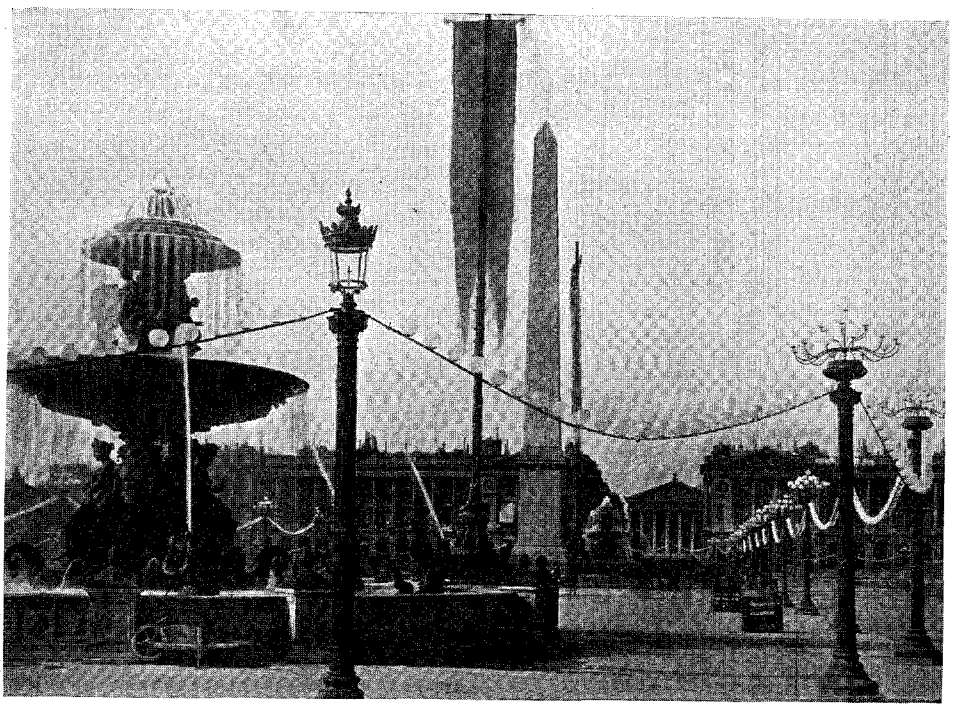


A SCENE IN ONE OF THE PARIS PARKS



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, DECORATED FOR A FÊTE

Though it is called the Place de la Concorde, it was once the scene of bloody events. Nearly three thousand persons were guillotined here, among them Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, and Robespierre. Facing the spectator is the Ministry of Marine, and beyond, at the end of the Rue Royale, the Church of the Madeleine.

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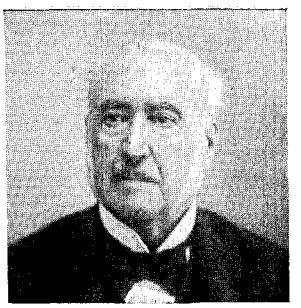
THE COUNT DE MUN

The well-known Clerical Deputy, social worker, and member of the French Academy. Founder of the Catholic Clubs.



THE LATE JULES SIMON

The universally beloved essayist, journalist, and statesman. After occupying distinguished positions, he was Prime Minister 1876-7.

THE LATE LOUIS PASTEUR

One of the greatest modern discoverers and contributors to the science of healing. Founder of the Pasteur Institute.

every quarter of Paris courses of study and lectures take place in lyceums, primary schools, private institutions, and even private houses. There, whoever will may learn history, design, singing. The churches have created endowments and offer in certain well-arranged clubs, like the Catholic Clubs, healthy instruction and a degree of intellectual and moral culture to young people waylaid by the temptations of the street and the grog-shop. In such work the Comte de Mun and the Abbé Naudet have accomplished most meritorious results, and it would be a grave wrong to them to suppose that concealed thoughts of ecclesiastical policy had exclusively inspired them. The Protestant Church has its institutions, its house of apprentices in the Rue Titon, founded by Pastor Dumas, its Christian Unions (Y. M. C. A.) spread throughout the whole city. The center of the latter is in the magnificent structure built some years since by French subscriptions encouraged by the splendid gift of an American, Mr. Stokes. At about the same time that clubs for young men were instituted, restaurants for young women workers were established, where may be found not only healthy nourishment at low prices, but also a reading-room, and society which presents no peril.

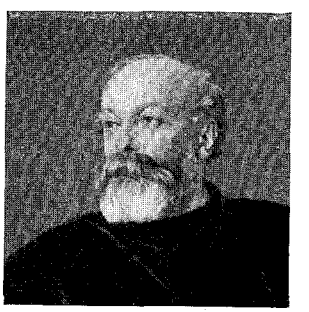
This is the place to mention the association of fraternal aid and social studies established a dozen years ago by Pastor Fallot. This courageous man, who has inspired the Protestant Church with a salutary interest regarding social questions, wanted to unite in friendly meetings day-laborers, students, employees, shopkeepers, and capitalists, in order to bring them to understand themselves and each other, mutually to educate themselves, and to love each other. In this generous enterprise he has spent his force and his health, and, if one cannot say that his work has met with rapid success, it has at least become the point of departure of a large number of analogous endeavors both in Paris and in the provinces.

THE ABBÉ NAUDIN

Perhaps the most prominent of Roman Catholic priests in the work of social and intellectual reform.

THE LATE LÉON SAY

Minister of Finance in various French Cabinets; an economist and social force of great importance.



THE COUNT DE CHAMBRUN

The philanthropist who conceived the idea of a "Musée Social," and then endowed it with $400,000.

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In the large cities there is a particularly interesting class of young men, the soldiers. Deprived for a certain time of family life, huddled in immense barracks, they are often at a loss to know how properly to spend their hours of leisure. Therefore, in the vicinity of the barracks, rendezvous for soldiers have been established. There, between six and ten in the evening, they are sure to find fire, light, games, meetings, paper for writing home, good reading, and almost a sort of family nest.

For workmen without work there have been founded not only a quantity of free employment agencies, in the Mayor's offices (each arrondissement in Paris has a Mayor), at the churches, and at the offices of professional syndicates, but also temporary asylums for men and women, refuges for the night, working-places. Assistance through work, of which Pastor Robin in the Belleville quarter is one of the oldest pioneers, helps the victims of strikes.

All winter long, in the street itself, a society, simply and practically established, offers to every hungry passer a dish of hot soup and a bit of bread. This society is called the "Bouchée de Pain."

Among the works aiming to socially reinstate and morally influence poor souls fallen to the last degree of misery, there is, above all, one which merits particular mention, and that is the work among the women liberated from the prison of St. Lazare, a work which has existed for twenty-six years. It was created by the niece of the almoner, Mademoiselle Michel de Grandpré, and successively directed by the founder, by Madame de Barrau, and by Madame Isabelle Bogelot, the present directress. The domain of this work has become constantly greater. At first destined principally to help the prisoners as soon as they had emerged from St. Lazare (which was the only prison for the women of Paris), aid is now equally offered to the accused (arrested or not); to unhappy women, whom misery or involuntary vagrancy brings to the station-house of the great city; to wanderers of every condition—with the exception of women leading a bad life, who are cared for by other institutions. For a long time the activity of the work was partly paralyzed by the impossibility of receiving the children of the prisoners (it would have been unjust to have condemned them to prison with the mothers); of receiving the women without refuge, in danger of complete ruin; of receiving the freed women who had no relatives or whose families had refused to take them on their departure from prison. This lack has been filled by the creation of small, temporary asylums, due to Madame Bogelot's happy and profitable initiative. Each of these little asylums looks like a workingman's house. It is under a woman director and her assistant. Both of them, by working for their living and thus giving good examples, assure the fair deportment of the others. Each house receives food proportionate to the number of women, girls, or infants present—six or eight at the most. Thanks to the solidarity of these enterprises, and to the incessant labors of the Director-General and her collaborators, the length of sojourn of the freed women and the others in these little asylums, where they regather force and courage, diminishes progressively, the average sojourn having become, from 11 days in 1893, 8.5 in 1894, and 6.3 in 1895. Inversely, the proportion of the number of situations found to the number of entrances becomes annually greater. The placing in situations and the sending back to homes are, besides, facilitated by the secretaries, who do not busy themselves alone with the liberated women, but, in visits to the station-house, to the prisons of St. Lazare and Nanterre, sustain and comfort the prisoners susceptible of moral resurrection, and prepare their rapid placing in situations at the end of their punishment. The personnel of this work is composed of women and men; among the members elected each year are a Catholic almoner, a Protestant pastor, and a rabbi.

In speaking of this endeavor it is impossible for me not to mention the name of Mademoiselle Dumas, who died here some years since at the age of ninety. She had consecrated her whole life to visiting prisons and hospitals. We have now a series of societies whose work is the visiting of hospitals. Can we write the name of these refuges of human misery without remembering what is silently done by the Sisters of Charity, by the deaconesses, by the nurses; without say-

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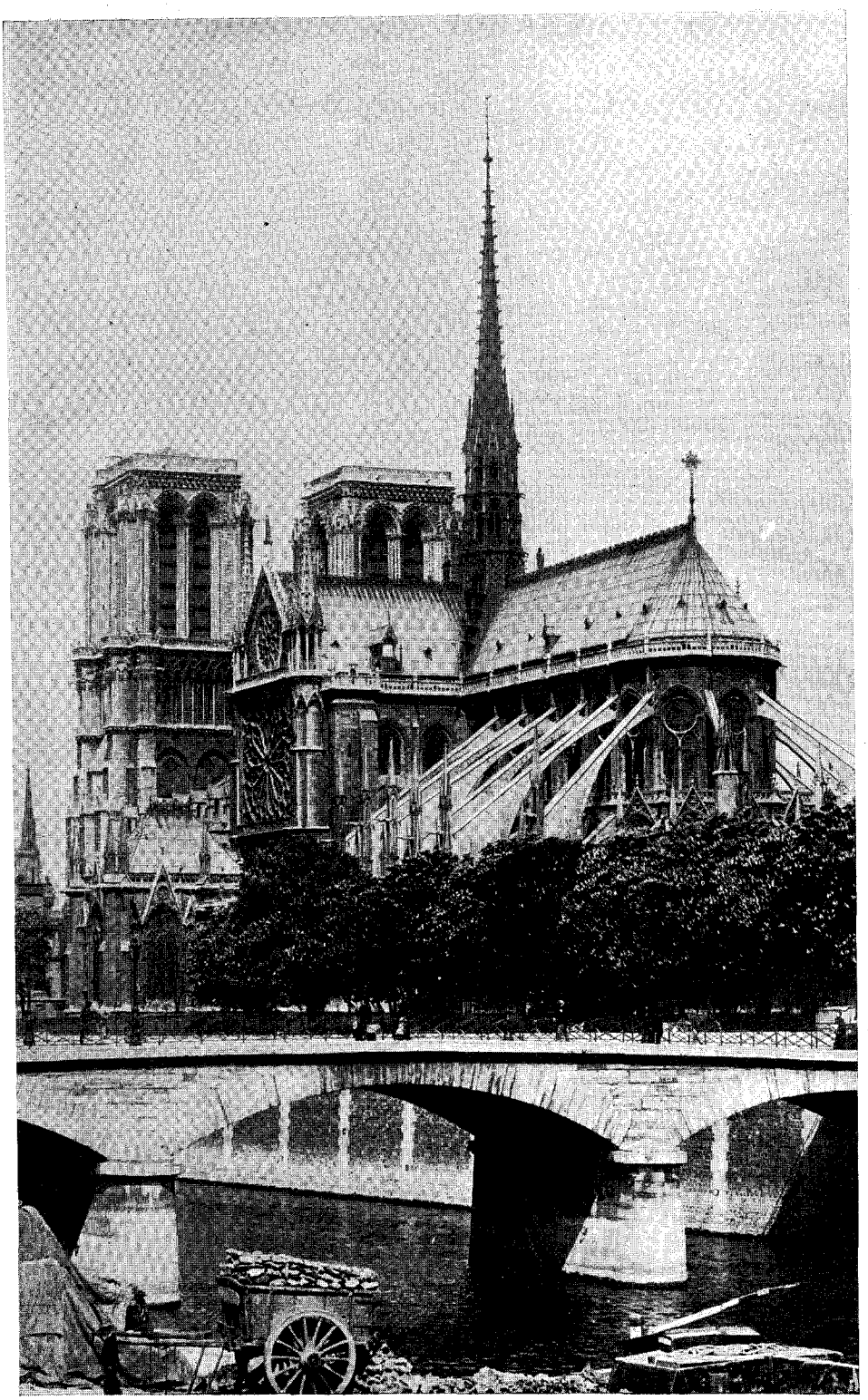

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

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A CATHOLIC SISTER OF CHARITY

A PROTESTANT SISTER OF CHARITY

ing that a legion of Little Sisters of the Poor take care of sick mothers at their homes, and look after the household duties too? Can one forget our devoted physicians, so eager to help little children and the destitute—physicians among whom those of the Pasteur Institute, from their modesty, merit all the more enthusiastic mention? It is with reason that we can say, At Paris, to be well cared for, one must be very rich or very poor. The attentions of the highest medical authorities are reserved for those who can pay largely, or to those who are compelled to be treated only in the hospitals. Here is equality established between the last and the first.

The common man who would cultivate his mind finds many means in Paris. He has the popular libraries with their reading-rooms, and loans of books to be taken home. He has all the museums and all the public collections. The admirable Louvre and Luxembourg galleries, the vast scientific and industrial museum of Arts and Trades, the historical Cluny and Carnovalet collections, the wonderful collections of the Museum of Natural History, the greenhouses and parterres of the Jardin des Plantes, are accessible to all classes of society. A man with worn-out shoes and no cap can view the Louvre masterpieces just as well as can a Marchioness, and it is very rare that our public galleries are the scenes of any degradation or impropriety

In several quarters of Paris public religious conferences are nightly held. Most of the lecture-rooms were founded by the McAll Mission, established by a friend of France after the war of 1870. This mission has brought very many persons into contact with the Gospel. One of the most appreciated speakers at these meetings was the lamented Eugène Bersier. Never did this eloquent preacher use warmer, more incisive, or more charming accents than when he was in the habit of speaking to the audiences in the Salle Ornan.

Among those who have bent their activity to popular education and moralization, mention should be made of Senator Béranger, the courageous adversary of pornography and street license; of M. Frédéric Passy, the apostle of Peace Societies and of International Arbitration; and of the regretted Léon Say, who did so much to encourage Mutual Aid Societies, one of the oldest of which he honored as president.

The theaters (let us praise them highly, since in another way they have accomplished so much evil) have done their utmost for the obscure populace which has little or no money. We have popular representations on certain days, when the seats cost only a quarter or half the usual price. There are also days like the National Holiday (14th July) when most of the theaters give gratuitous spectacles. These occasions are characterized only by the best pieces, and actors dispute among themselves for the advantage of playing before this special public. No other audience is more grateful or more impressionable. They rarely have the pleasure of being present at the play. They are not *blasés*, nor are they familiar with the wings. Having gained their places by long waiting at the door, they occupy them as conquests; they listen in silence, applaud with enthusiasm, weep all together, the prey of simple and contagious emotion.

I wish to speak a little in detail of two recent institutions, called to do a great good: the Musée Social and the Société des Habitations à Bon Marché. A great-hearted man and a real philanthropist, the Comte de Chambrun, formed last year at 5 rue Las Casas an entirely new social

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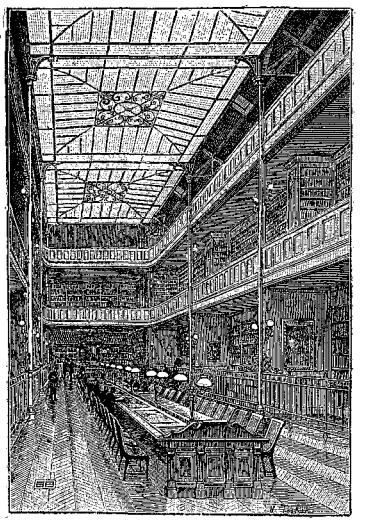
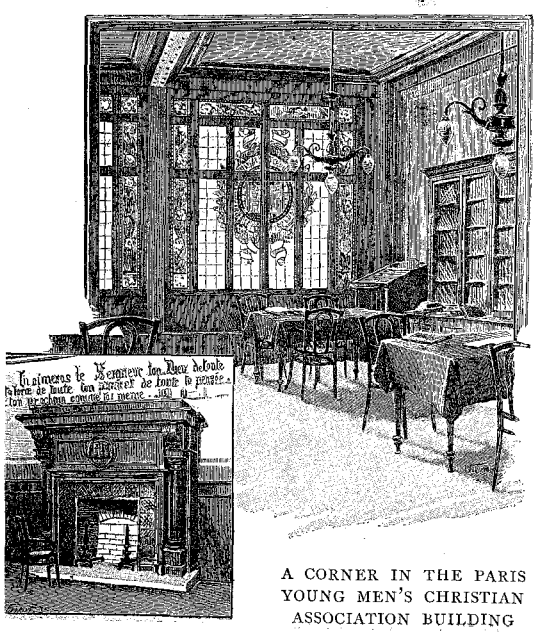
endeavor—the Musée Social, the aim of which is to put gratuitously at the disposition of the public, with information and consultations, the documents, models, plans, statutes, etc., of social institutions and organizations which have for their object the amelioration of the material and moral situation of workingmen. To this end the Musée Social comprises: (1) An exhibition of graphic tables, indicating the principal statistics of different branches of social economy—Savings, Mutual Aid Societies, Retirement Banks, Co-operative Societies of Production, of Credit, of Eatables and Drinkables, Workingmen's Dwellings, Popular Clubs, Professional Syndicates, Life and Accident Insurance Societies. (2) A library and reading-room, free to the public and containing all the books and the principal periodical publications having to do with social questions in the most important countries of the world. (3) A Bureau of Information, in which several men of authority are at the disposition of the public to respond to all questions, verbal or written. (4) A Lecture-room, in which, during the winter, the most competent men in social questions speak on that which makes, in France or elsewhere, for the good of the working classes. (5) A Mission service, the aim of which is to send yearly certain distinguished persons, accompanied by young men (who, later, can replace the first), into the principal industrial or agricultural countries, there to study social movements. (6) A Circular, sent free to more than 6,000 labor organizations, in which practical information is given on the social questions of the day. The Comte de Chambrun has endowed the Musée Social with the sum of 2,000,000 francs ($400,000), the interest of which permits a large subsidy, covering the expenses of a work which will render great services to capitalists, to students, and to workers of all kinds.



MAIN ROOM OF ONE OF THE SMALLER PARIS LIBRARIES

The largest library is the Bibliothèque Nationale, probably the most extensive in the world. With the exception of Holy Week, it is open free to the public every day of the year.

The important question of workingmen's houses has received in France a powerful movement by the formation of the Société Française des Habitations à Bon Marché (literally translated, "The French Society of Laborers' Dwellings at Good Bargains"), the chief founders being MM. Jules Siegfried, Georges Picot, and Charles Roberts. One of the honorary presidents was the late Jules Simon. This society aims to encourage in France the construction, by private persons or by local societies, of healthful and cheap dwellings, or the betterment of existing dwellings. It seeks notably to propagate methods of cleanliness and to facilitate to employees, artisans, and all working people the acquisition of their dwellings. To this end the society puts at the disposition of private persons or associations model plans, recognized as the best, as well as all necessary documents and information. Being only a society of propagation and popularization, all actual lending, borrowing, purchasing of land or building of houses is interdicted, but it



A CORNER IN THE PARIS YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING

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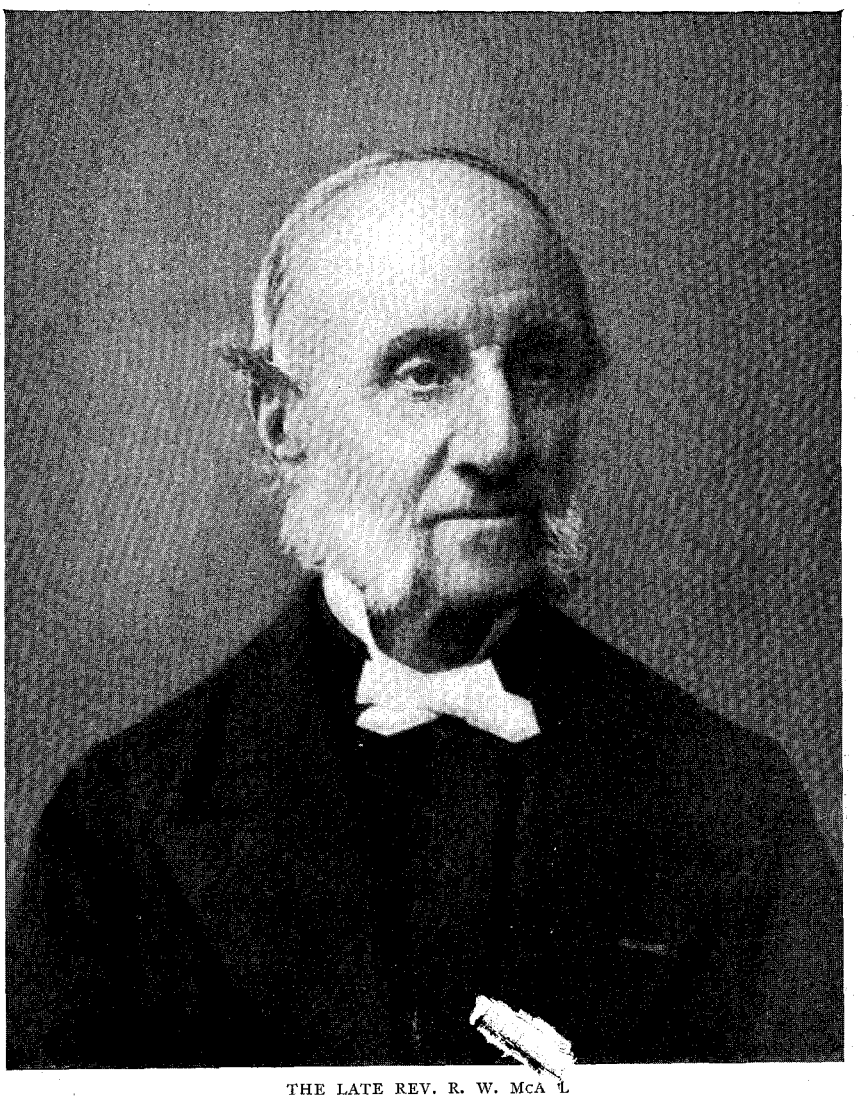

THE LATE REV. R. W. McA LL
The founder and director for twenty years of the McAll Mission

encourages by all possible means the establishment of building associations, either joint-stock or co-operative. In this the society has already had success, for since its foundation twenty associations of this kind have been created in different parts of France. Every three months it publishes a pamphlet giving complete information as to what is going on, not only in France but also elsewhere, on the subject of workingmen's houses. Thanks to its initiative, Parliament, on the motion of M. Siegfried, has exempted these "Habitations à Bon Marché" from the ground tax for five years. Henceforth, also, in case of the decease of the head of a family, the house which he has occupied (conditionally on not being beyond a certain modest importance) may be kept undivided by the widow and minor orphans until the majority of the latter. As a result of all these efforts the solution of the question of laborers' houses has received a happy impulse, whose results will only grow greater.

One of the best and least-known sides of Paris is that of family life, whose intimate, self-respecting relations are in contrast with the torrent of dissipation which tumbles its waves in plainer sight. It seems that, at the heart of agitations and tumult, man has felt with greater

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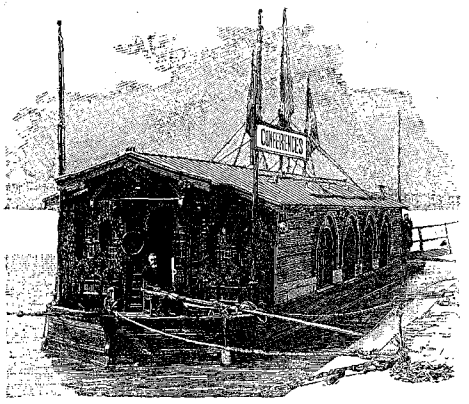
ONE OF THE MANY McALL MISSION STATIONS IN PARIS



A MISSION CHURCH-BOAT ON THE SEINE

force the necessity of taking refuge in the inviolable silence of home. Paris counts a great multitude of families, belonging to all social classes, for whom worldly life does not exist. These families, far from feverish domains of pleasure, of speculation, of gaming, lead an unimagined existence of work and family peace.

One of the manifestations of family life is the Sunday walk in the wood. To see it, go not only to the Bois de Boulogne, where there is a concourse of luxurious equipages and beautiful toilettes, but as well to the Bois de Vincennes, that immense garden of the Faubourg St. Antoine. On Sunday thousands and tens of thousands of little children go thither in troops. The nurslings who cannot walk yet are carried, and in a net are the provisions for the repast on the grass. When the favorite bit of turf has been found, or the accustomed grove, there is a settling down for the whole day. Then follows the sound of almost endless laughter, sport, and song. Resting on the grass, the fathers of families, employees, day-laborers of all sorts, amuse themselves with their little children, and then run about with them, giving them rides pick-a-back. At certain places, as around the lakes of St. Mandé, where the land is amphitheater-like, you may observe at a single view hundreds of families installed near each other, given up to the pleasure of breathing pure air in the shade of great trees, and presenting graceful groups of popular joy.

These luminous days have their complement in the sadder days of pilgrimage to the cemeteries. There, too, the family is complete. They go also in fancy towards the dear dead lying far away beyond the boundaries of Germany or Italy, to bring them a bouquet, to give them a tear. I am continually more and more struck with the devotion of our masses in regard to the dead. In the street the most vulgar carter stops his horse and raises his cap when a coffin passes by. On All Saints' Day one sees a vast throng spread itself through the cemetery avenues without the least disorder. Every one speaks in low tones.

INAUGURATION OF THE McALL MISSION IN THE BELLEVILLE QUARTER OF PARIS, 1871

At that time the city was in the hands of the Communists.

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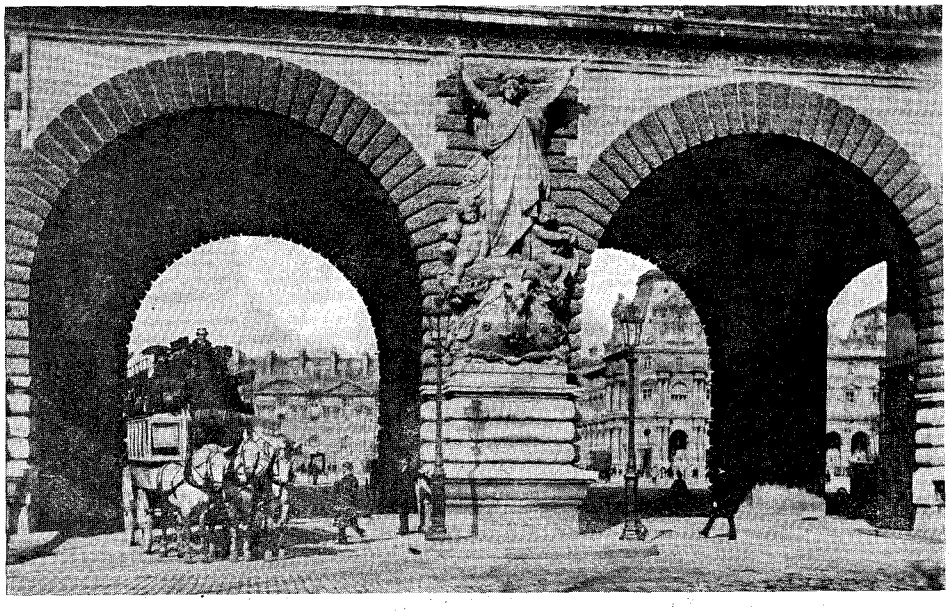
One united sentiment of respect dominates them, and the profaner and the cynical jeerer are greeted with general reprobation.

The morning is another time when I love to watch the Parisians. How different the matinal from the nocturnal Paris! In the evening the streets are full of pleasure-seekers and idlers, of people going to clubs, theaters, concerts, beer-halls; and, too, of gamesters, drunkards, and rascals. In the morning the streets belong to the workers. The evening seems feverish, double-faced, reeling; the morning is sober, honest, diligent. A sort of special confraternity is established among these persons of the day's first hours. They are brothers in Aurora. There is mutual respect because each one knows that early rising has been necessary for work, and generally all address each other by the "thee" and "thou" so long as the sun is not too high above the horizon.

We see beneath the surface of this Paris which has so many aspects, first a gulf, where by their contact is accelerated the decomposition of the corrupt elements of society, of all that is ripe for nothingness. We see, nevertheless, as well, that there is beneath the surface a crucible of the future, a Paris of trembling impulses of pity, given to justice, devoted to the most noble and the most holy works.

I will finish this too rapid view of the sources of a higher life hidden in the heart of this great city, by saying a few words about its idealist reawakening of the last few years. If this movement had been characterized only by certain canvases from great painters, illustrating religious subjects; or certain plays, in which the inner life and the dramas of conscience were promoted to the first rank, it would be still but a small affair. But idealist preoccupations have gained ground among the elect of youth, in the world of thinkers, and, above all, of educators. At present idealist preoccupations do not agitate the masses of the people, nor even the majority of those who call themselves cultivated. But they have the expansive character inherent in leaven. It is not in the official gatherings of religion, but here and there, in certain homes constituted by inner affinities, and entirely spontaneously, that their action is, above all, realized. Strange circumstance, the men of the old belief have most often regarded them with suspicion.

One of those who go most resolutely forward along these new avenues of



ENTRANCE TO THE LOUVRE FROM THE SEINE EMBANKMENT

The Louvre collections are opened free to the public every day in the year except Mondays and half a dozen holy-days. The paintings, drawings, sculptures, Asiatic and Egyptian antiquities, ethnographical remains, etc., are famous as any in the world, and are probably better known than any.

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thought is M. Paul Desjardins, the founder of L'Union pour l'Action Morale. This Union has become a rendezvous for men belonging to all intellectual and religious centers. Their only aim is to establish a mutual support so as to make better use of existence. They are equally watchful in regard to every manifestation of moral life, and little matters its confessional color or the absence of that color. They essay all in becoming day after day more faithful to their personal convictions, resisting exclusive and sectarian tendencies, religious or political. The circular, the result of the collaboration of many of them, is certainly one of the loftiest and most human endeavors of our times.

CHARLES WAGNER

A little review, "L'Art et la Vie," written by a group of courageous and absolutely independent young men, full of ideal faith, witnesses for its part that it is born in the spirit of our times, a spirit weary of mediocre life and of insipid and vulgar materialism, a spirit ardently thirsting for something purer and more ideal.

All elements of moral and religious fermentation have felt in these latter days the influence of an idea which for the first time found its realization in the Congress of Religions at Chicago. This idea has powerfully excited the attention and worked upon the mind. The inertia and ill will of the high Catholic clergy, and, in general, of the titled representatives of our old confessions, may perhaps prevent the renewal of the Congress of Religions, but in this event there will be a movement of a different form. The idealist impulse, the aspiration towards a mutual understanding, the fraternal communion of believers of diverse denominations, will bring about the birth of a vast meeting-place, both free and religious, where whoever feels any faith or hope in his heart may greet brothers. Perhaps in the dawn of the new century this old Paris, which has lost nothing of its faith in humanity or in the future, shall see this simple, grand, and consoling spectacle of men of good will, belonging to all peoples and to all the horizons of moral and religious thought, forgetting that which separates them in order to affirm that which unites them, marching towards the unknown morrow, their gaze fixed upon the Father who is in heaven.

Up-Hill

By Christina G. Rossetti

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

—*Selected.*

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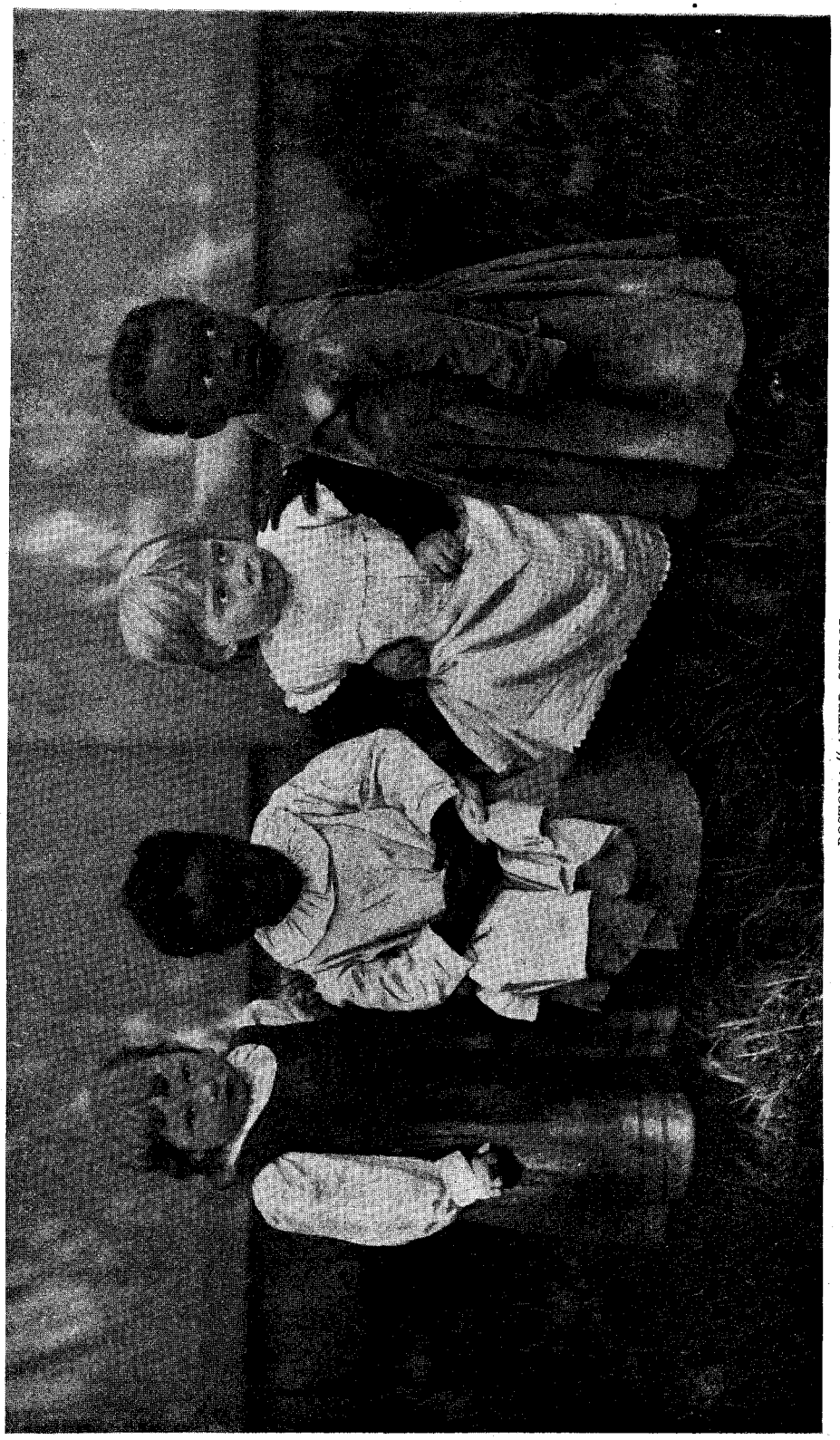

BOSTON: "AFTER SCHOOL

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The Development of the Day Nursery Idea

By Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge

AMONG the many schemes for improving the mental and physical condition of the poor, unfortunate, and degraded, none have proved so wise and far-reaching as those which have sought to influence the little child. It has been said that what the child is before eight years of age he will be all his life—"The child is father to the man." If this be true, the influence which surrounds him during his childhood has the greatest effect upon his after life, and the day nursery is therefore the foundation upon which to build the structure of character; for, taking the child in his earliest years, often indeed in earliest infancy, nursery training is the first in the chain of educational influences which aid the State in making the useful citizen, this influence holding sway over his mind and heart on through the kindergarten period, the public school, and over the threshold into the whirl of life's exacting activities.

Some scientific minds have suspected a possible danger that, in some cases, the nursery may assume a responsibility which should be borne by the parents; that mothers not obliged to work for a living may be tempted to do so, and thus, at the expense of the sacred relations of home life, shirk the burden of child-rearing to earn money for the gratification of selfish ends. This danger is fully recognized in the fact that in large cities every well-managed day nursery employs some system of investigation by which a check may be placed upon emotional administration. The most efficient plan is the employment of a special visitor, who shall visit the families after six o'clock P.M., when there is the best possible opportunity to learn whether the stories carried to the matron are true. In other instances city missionaries, parish visitors, or visitors from charity organization societies are employed. With this safeguard there is little danger that the nursery will prove a mistaken form of benevolence. This brings us to the primal question: "Shall we influence first the mother or the child?"

It is an accepted law of nursery work that only the children of mothers obliged to support themselves shall be admitted. This rule, in common with all rules in connection with work among the poor, must be enforced in the broadest sense consistent with mercy and justice. Hard

BETHANY, N. Y.: BABIES' ROOM

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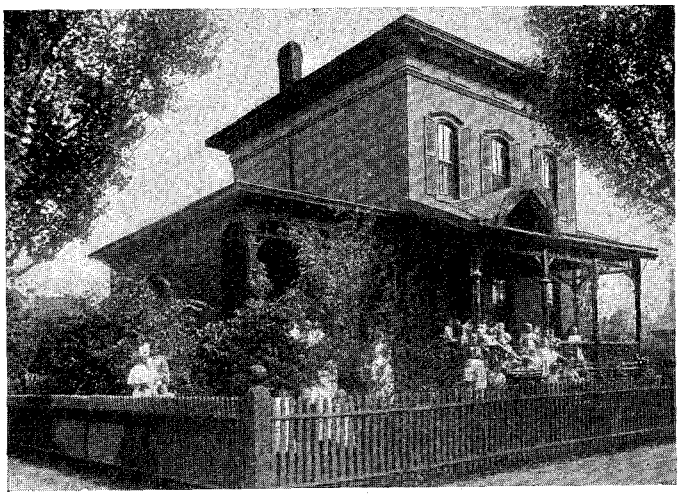
times, scarcity of work for men, illness, insanity, desertion, all present exceptions and conditions which must be taken into consideration. Those who are closely associated with this work appreciate the importance of uplifting the home life of the poor, and that good judgment is needed in deciding what cases are to be admitted. It must not be forgotten that the nursery is better than a bad home, and that, in the effort to avoid injustice to the home idea, we may not do justice to the child.

When day nurseries were first started in this country, years ago, following the example of the French crèche, they were simply for the physical care of young children whose mothers were obliged to work away from home. As kinder garten and industrial training have appealed to public intelligence, they have been included in the nursery régime, until now the best equipped have these features added, and the training of mind and hands is as important a factor as the care of the body.

The Nursery and Child's Hospital in New York City was incorporated in 1854 "for the maintenance and care of the children of wet nurses and the daily charge of infants whose parents labor away from home." It was to be open at 5:30 A.M., and mothers must call for the children "not later than 7:30 in the evening, and must pay six cents for their care from their daily wage." This was the first step in the movement taken just ten years after the foundation of the Crèche Association in Paris.

Ten years later Miss Biddle organized "The Day Nursery" in Philadelphia, and for fifteen years longer these two were the only ones in this country. In 1878, however, there was a spontaneous movement toward their establishment in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In the years following until 1892 the number gradually increased in various cities, New York having the largest number—eighteen. At the time of the first Day Nursery Conference in New York, November, 1892, ninety nurseries were reported to the committee. In 1893 the nursery exhibit at the World's Fair created an extensive interest, and the growth during the four years intervening has brought the number to very nearly two hundred, as reported to the committee in charge of the Conference just held in Boston. In New York alone the number has grown in four years from eighteen to thirty-eight.

If we could learn in each case of the need which demanded the establishment of a nursery to meet it, we should find that almost every kind of industrial, social, and missionary enterprise which touches the mother or the home, at some point leads inevitably to the nursery. The conditions of our civilization, which increasingly compel the labor of women, involve the consideration of other care for the children—a fact recognized by a corporation which employs many women, and has now opened a day nursery in connection with the factory, in which the children are tended and trained while the mothers labor for their daily bread. The same thing has been done by the owners of a cigar-factory in one of the cities of Portugal.



CLEVELAND: LOUISE NURSERY, FRONT VIEW

The greater number of nurseries are independent organizations, but many are adjuncts to social or religious movements. Social settlements, almost without exception, add this

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CLEVELAND: LOUISE NURSERY, SIDE YARD

department: many churches find it essential in their city mission fields, and, except where a few have been opened to benefit the poor of certain parishes, there is absolutely no discrimination as to race or creed. The Roman Catholic and Jewish do not refuse Protestants, but give the preference to those of their own faith.

It is impossible to mention in detail the cities and towns where this work is now established. Manufacturing centers such as Providence, Newark, and Elizabeth are well supplied in proportion to the population.

Chicago has no association combining the interests of its twenty nurseries, though an effort is being made in that direction. The free kindergarten movement has been so well developed there that one may well expect a similar success in this work when once the idea has opportunity to expand.

Philadelphia is carrying on nine nurseries in the most efficient manner possible without co-operation. In that city of homes there seems to be less need of this particular charity than in others where the herding in tenements must have a more demoralizing effect upon the individuals who make the home. Brooklyn has six nurseries, and St. Louis, besides several independent organizations, has an association controlling two.

The methods of extension in three cities may be taken as examples of the various ways in which a field may be covered; but as all ultimately lead to co-operation, it is strongly advised at the start, for any of the larger cities where, as yet, there may be no nursery. In towns or small cities, where the future increase of the population would never demand more than two or three nurseries, there is no imperative need that all should work on the same plan, beyond a friendly agreement as to territory and general purpose; but in the larger cities it is most desirable that there should be an understanding between the different organizations as to general rules, a similarity of methods, and some agreement as to districts to be occupied; otherwise there would probably be overlapping of benefactions, a lack of the best economy, and a disproportion of results to expenditure.

A very unusual circumstance attends the work in Boston, as instances are rare

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where one woman has the means or energy to organize and support more than one such public benefaction.

In 1878 Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw opened the first of the seven kindergartens which are supported by her wise liberality. These were soon full-fledged day nurseries, the order of establishment being in this case reversed. Their control is vested in one board of managers, of which Mrs. Shaw is naturally the guiding spirit, though frail health has largely compelled her to step out of the vigorous activities of life. The influence of the high standard maintained in this group of nurseries is felt in the independent organizations, and all are working harmoniously toward the best ideals through a recently organized association. The scientific Boston mind is bravely grappling with the problems which beset one on every side, and the work at large will be greatly stimulated by the suggestions coming from the recent Day Nursery Conference.

In New York the circumstances were very different. During the past nineteen years nurseries have sprung into existence in all parts of the city, independently or as adjuncts to some other good work, all founded upon the same general plan but with much variation as to details. In 1894 the Association of New York City Day Nurseries was organized for the purpose of holding informal semi-annual conferences. While no rules are made and no control attempted, the Association has a decided influence toward uniformity in methods. It has also proved its value as a means of giving to the newer boards of managers the helpful suggestions of others who have had long experience. Possessing accurate information concerning the neediest districts, advice can be given as to the location of new nurseries in neighborhoods not already occupied.

Buffalo is known as a model in its methods of dispensing charity, and one of its most conspicuous institutions, under the care of the Charity Organization Society, is the Fitch Crèche. Besides being an ideal nursery, it has carried on for some years an admirable training-school for nursery-maids. An experiment in this direction was tried three years ago in New York in connection with the old-established class for nursery-maids at the Babies' Hospital. It was not successful then, but in the autumn there will be another attempt, in conjunction with Boston, to establish a system by which maids may be trained in various nurseries, with an additional course in the hospital.

Cleveland has perhaps the ideal organization by which such work in any city may be controlled and extended, with no waste of time, effort, or money. It is the embodiment of economized force. The Association is incorporated, and is under the care of a board of managers, from which committees are selected to look

BOSTON SEWING-SCHOOL

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after the welfare of each of its six day nurseries and ten kindergartens. Statistics are not always interesting, but two items reported may help to prove the economic value of nursery work. The sum of $1,500 was paid in daily fees by the mothers for the care of their children, and it was learned, by careful account, that in the course of one year the mothers whose children attend Bethlehem Nursery earned $5,000 in daily wages. The Association is most fortunate in the generosity of its patrons, for several of the nurseries are either wholly or in part supported by individuals.

CLEVELAND: PERKINS KINDERGARTEN

Perkins Nursery, of which an illustration is here given, was a gift outright, and, though it is situated in the midst of a manufacturing district, has the smallest attendance. One would naturally conclude that the Cleveland nurseries have less need than most others for special effort to secure fresh-air outings for the children, if the others are so well favored as the "Louise," judging by the lawn and yard view here given, which is attractive enough to cause some little children of the rich to sigh for the privilege of such a sand-box and chicken patch. Moreover, there is a kitchen garden, where the children may plant seeds and watch the growth of vegetables. There are other things in this garden of delight; a swing, of course, and a turning-pole, besides a profusion of shrubs and roses. District visitation, mothers' meetings, sewing and cooking classes, boys' clubs, familiar talks to mothers, and social gatherings for families, are among the adjuncts of the work, and a training-school for kindergartners was started a few years ago, in affiliation with the Chicago Kindergarten College. At Wade Day Nursery there is a lending library for mothers—a feature worthy of imitation.

Few indeed are the city institutions so favored with space for outdoor life which some of the Cleveland nurseries afford. In our crowded cities the problem of construction, rent, or adaptation sets limits to one's indulgence in carrying out large plans. But let not one enthusiast be deterred from organizing, even under the strictest limitations, if there is even a fair prospect of support. In this as in many other works of benevolence, one must not despise the day of small things.

Bethany Nursery of New York City began its career in one small basement room, and to-day occupies a fine building, erected for its use by private means, and has the largest average attendance of any in the city. The rooms are not wide, but deep, and, having side light, are always cheerful. The short tables in the dining-room are a relief from the long, narrow tables so commonly used in institutions. On last Thanksgiving Day one hundred and seven children were invited to dinner and seated at one time in this capacious room. The children (formerly in the nursery) who are in the public schools are allowed to come after school hours. The babies have their own apartments, and, if they could be arbiters of their own fates, would doubtless choose to live every day in this lovely home, sleep always in these snowy, warm cribs, and grow up under all these sweet, refining influences.

Virginia Nursery has long been in occu-

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pation of a model building, which seems to contain all that such a building can on an ordinary twenty-five-foot lot. The rooms for infants are in an extension, the second floor having a small room set apart for kitchen purposes, where the food for the babies can be heated more conveniently than in the general kitchen.

The newest construction of this kind in New York City—St. Thomas's Nursery—is built on a nineteen-foot lot. No space for halls is taken from the width, the rooms all occupying the full width for a great depth. The stairway winds about an elevator at the extreme end of the building, while the plumbing is nearly all confined to the rear. The space to the front is clear, and for convenience the divisions are made with sliding glass doors. The building is absolutely fire-proof.

Now, with their varied equipment, more or less complete, what are these institutions doing beyond the primary idea of giving physical protection to the children? Are the mothers helped or influenced? Is the home life uplifted?

Beginning with the tiny infant, for those that are taken regularly to the nursery, they are establishing health and regular habits by wholesome and proper feeding. Mothers are taught how to bathe, dress, and feed their babies, and in one nursery at least sufficient milk is sterilized each day, and sold in bottles at cost price at night to the mothers, in sufficient quantity to last till morning. This one step alone lessens the chances that baby will be fed tea, coffee, or beer. The improvement of the babies and the appreciation of this course by the mothers is ample compensation for the extra trouble.

From infancy the child grows to kindergarten age, and the value to society of that increasing host of children, brought up under kindergarten influence, is incalculable. Only those who are familiar with the conditions under which most children of the tenements are obliged to live and develop can appreciate the physical and moral value of the healthful, cheerful environment of the nursery during the age when lessons of self-control and habits of mind or body are easily impressed. The testimony of public-school teachers has been given frequently that the nursery child is amenable to discipline, and is easily distinguished from others by many indications of character and training. But, after six years of age, the limit in most nurseries, what becomes of them? That is the question which next confronts the earnest manager. There are several years of protection, loving care, and instruction yet needed before the child will have stability of character enough to repel in any degree the degradation of the street, where must be spent the hours between school and mother's home-coming. To such children also many of the nurseries open their doors. In several instances these former charges are allowed to come to the noon dinner and after school hours, and on Saturdays they are welcomed and given books and games. Sewing classes have been opened for the girls, and manual-training classes for the boys. In the West-side Nursery classes the pupils may remain until sixteen years of age, and many go from there directly to positions in business. In one or two instances lending libraries exist for the use of the older children in the families, and many books are specially selected for the mothers. There can be no question that this wholesome environment gives a better start in life than can be obtained in the average tenement-house. The parents of to-day are largely the product of street education. The nursery is helping to educate and prepare for life the parents of to-morrow. There are many mothers, forced to self-support, who are tempted to place their children in institutions in order that their young lives may be protected from the evil culture they themselves knew. The day nursery shows the way to accomplish this, and at the same time to preserve home life for the few hours at evening when parents and little ones may be together. Just here comes in the reflex influence. The prattle about innocent child-life each day, the memory of moral or religious instruction which will find some expression, the insistence upon meals eaten with all seated at table, and in some cases the demand that grace shall be said, the habits of cleanliness acquired in the nursery and demanded at home by these little people, are a leaven for the elevation of ideals. Truly "a little child shall lead them."

There is no surer road to a mother's

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confidence than kindness to her child. The opportunities offered for vast influence are innumerable to a matron whose heart is in her work, whose sympathies are true, and who has sincerity and tact. Her visits are never unwelcome in the home, and, to the mother, she may become oracle and guide.

This brings us naturally to the inquiry, By what means is the home directly benefited? In the reply, the benefits may be summarized thus: that with space and means at command, the well-organized day nursery may, and in several instances has, become a social settlement in miniature.

The earliest feature of this phase of work is the Mothers' Meetings, which occur at various periods and under various conditions. Some take place on Saturday afternoons, others in the evening, perhaps monthly. The entertainment provided may be something amusing —music is always a delight. Occasionally a short talk on hygiene or any instructive physical or moral theme may be introduced—ropes of sand these, some may say, to stay the flood of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition. But no good word is lost, and there are many evidences of appreciation of the instruction given, and more intelligent motherhood is fostered by these opportunities wisely used. Not to confine the good times to mothers, other members of the family are sometimes included in the social invitation, as in the exceptional cases where there are fathers. In one nursery the managers, by turns, are "at home" at the nursery every Sabbath evening, extending a welcome to all who may come, whereby, with music, singing, and the serving of tea, a healthful enjoyment is provided, friendly relation is established, and influence secured.

Another very practical custom prevailing somewhat is to have tea or coffee ready to serve to the mothers when they call for their children at night, especially in winter. Too many must go home to cold, cheerless rooms to prepare the evening meal, and this warm drink may help to ward off the craving for a harmful "warming" draught.

The exaction of a daily fee, usually five cents, is almost universal, and helps to sustain the mother's dignity and sense of independence. It is a rule which should allow of some discretionary exceptions on the part of the matron; and the wise use of an emergency fund is a powerful lever —such assistance often being voluntarily repaid by services in sewing or cleaning. We hear too little of the gratitude of the poor. One matron kept account of one dollar, which, although it once disappeared for four months, was lent forty times before it was finally lost.

Although our nurseries are in the vanguard of progress, they are only in the infancy of their opportunity, but their scope will widen in time. "Le Bulletin de la Société des Crèches" gives many interesting items concerning *crèches* throughout the Continent. The greater number are still confining their attention to children under three years of age. There are a few exceptions, notably those of St. Petersburg, where the age-limit is six years. An excellent work is done there. In illness, if the child can be cared for at home, the mother is allowed to have suitable food for it from the nursery; and provision is made for keeping children overnight in exceptional cases. At Granges, France, the young girls of the community are trained by turn in the care of infants. In Paris there is agitation of the question whether the *écoles maternelles* shall not be situated in close proximity to the *crèche*, because of the inconvenience to those mothers who, having several children, take some to the *école*, others to the nursery.

The value of this work was so well appreciated in 1844 that the authorities of Paris established a *crèche* in each *arrondissement;* there is an appropriation of public money for their support, and private benevolence has opened many others.

The importance of kindergarten and industrial training in conjunction with public education is only beginning to be recognized, and those who are interested in the Day Nursery system hope that the day is not far distant when day nurseries will be recognized as having an equally practical and important influence in the aid and elevation of the laboring class.[1]

[1] This article forms one of the series called "Work by Women," to which Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, Miss Susan E. Blow, and Mrs. Candace Wheeler have already contributed. It will be followed by an article on "The First Working-Girls' Club," by the Hon. Maude Stanley, one on "The Trained Nurse," by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick (Secretary of the British Nurses' Association), and one by Lady Henry Somerset on "Temperance Work in England."

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A Quest of Gray Shingles

By Charles H. Crandall

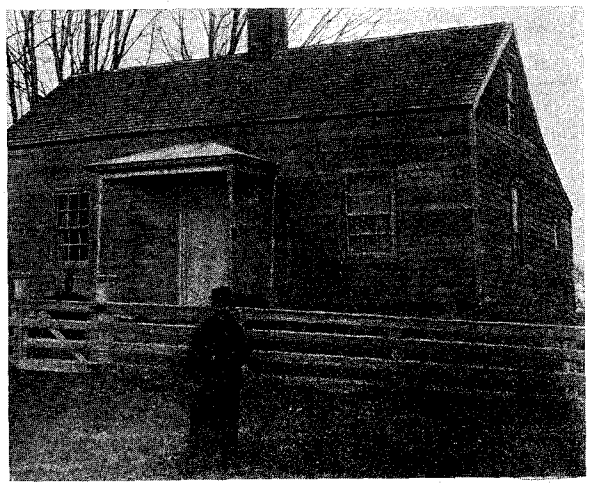
THE charm of evanescence sometimes touches some apparently inconsequential things with a rare value because the effect is so unique as well as delightful. The things that pass away are being more and more appreciated, and sometimes challenge a higher valuation than the more pompous but more modern verities that abide. So we are making treasures of the old daguerreotypes, the samplers, the old hall clocks, the ancient prints, the quaint pottery, the settles and stools and candlesticks which enjoyed their youth-time when great-grandmother enjoyed hers.

Unfortunately, we cannot preserve all our antiques. We cannot put a cabinet of glass over the old-fashioned country houses that are crumbling, crumbling away on the hillsides of New England. Almost daily their knell is rung by the hammers of the great wave of "improvement," and a great villa rears its alleged "colonial" pretensions where yesterday stood the low-gabled, gray-shingled homestead, with its big square chimney of dove-gray granite, its broad windows of seven-by-nine panes, and, inside, its low ceilings, tiny cupboards, and motherly big fireplaces that have often taken a dozen logs, like a dozen children, into their arms.

And ever, as a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed!

So it seems that the old houses must go, as irrevocably as the generations that they sheltered, and so there seems more of pathos about the old house than about the andirons and blue china that we are able to seize and save like brands from the burning. Even the old gray homestead has its period of bloom, a sort of second youth that comes to dear old ladies also, when the pink comes in their cheeks and a dewiness in their eyes, and they are more charming than ever in this last Indian summer just previous to final decay. This is the stage at which you must portray the old homestead; and when it has arrived at this ripe bloom of age, do not delay if you wish to paint it, or photograph it, or enjoy an afternoon in just admiring and loving the dear old house. For, ere you foresee, decay has done its work, and the fabric totters to its fall. Or, it may be, the renovator, with the best intentions, strips off the splendid old shingles, a yard long and rived by hand two centuries ago, and puts a spick-span new siding in their place. What impertinence! Go, tear the old lace cap from your grandmother and put on her the latest milliner's nightmare of a bonnet! Where will you find such shingles to-day, split

OLD DUTCH HOUSE, EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND



MRS. PHŒBE CRABBE, AGED 100 YEARS

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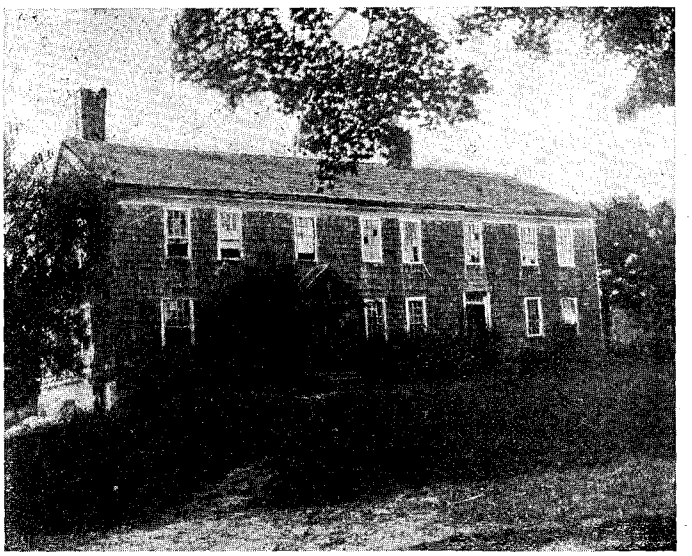
from the primeval pine, nearly an inch thick in the center? No wonder they lasted a hundred years after the hand that shaped them moldered in the little resting-place walled out of a corner of the meadow! We can chuckle over one thing, at least—the carpenter earned his wages in taking off those same shingles. They were nailed on with the old wrought nails, driven into oak siding that has hardened with age until it clasps the nail as if it were indeed brother iron.

The Nemesis of outraged sanctity likewise follows the unlucky man who contracts to remove one of those old stone chimneys and put a small brick one in its place. The top of the square chimney rising above the roof, challenging the azure sky with a hue as delicate, is an innocent-looking affair. But the chimney widens toward the foot like the pyramid of Cheops, and, after furnishing a half-dozen rooms with fireplaces, a smokehouse for hams in the attic, a brick oven or two, it expands in the cellar into a generous support for the floor-beams, fifteen feet square, of solid masonry. Once in a great while one meets a knowing old carpenter who can judge as accurately of the age of an old house as if he were counting the rings in the stump of a tree. A certain style of molding, of wainscot, cupboard, doors, cornice, or what not, fixes the period when the structure was founded. Of course, houses that were famous as mansions when they were built would hardly pass muster now as comfortable farm-houses. As for that matter, the country home of George Washington would be sneered at by a third-rate beef-packer of to-day, who must have his bay windows, and balconies, and porte-cochères, and wide piazzas. One wonders how the modern villa will look when it has passed its one hundredth birthday. One thing the old builders did know well, and that was that when the rain ran the way of the grain the wood lasted twice as long, and that a rived pine shingle an inch thick was good for two hundred years!

It is pleasant to note that while the Philistine is too frequent in the land, and the old house is not suffered often to die a natural death, yet there are those who appreciate it. We are reminded of several of the literary guild, since the days when Poe lived at Fordham, Cooper at Mamaroneck, and Irving at Tarrytown, who have enjoyed exploring some of these ancient dwellings, and it must be confessed that a few even went into ecstasies of admiration. One of the most typical homesteads found, but not here pictured, one with great trees, bluestone chimney, shingles showing a foot to the weather, a quaint porch, long, mossy gable, and a neighboring well-sweep—all the ear-marks—was occupied by a young writer and his bride for two summers; so appropriately, it seemed as if two doves had alit to bill and coo under the eaves. This old "Young's" homestead, on a corner, fenced by mossy walls, situated near a gurgling waterfall of the Rippowam River, in North Stamford, was such a typical specimen of the gray-shingled antique as one may not see in many a drive. But fate was envious, and it all lay in ashes one morning—



A WAYSIDE INN OF '76

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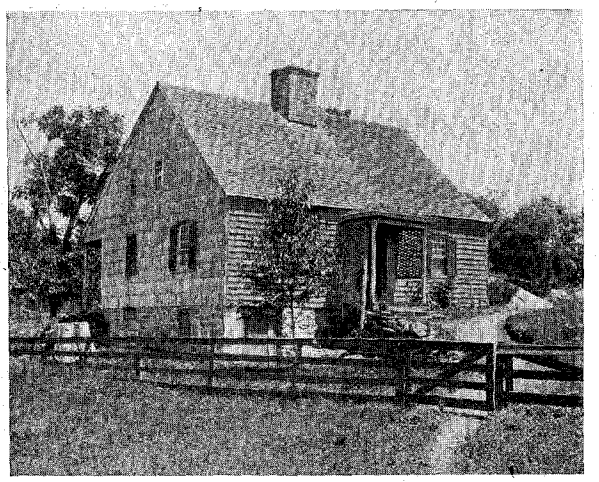
ashes that were wet with genuine tears for the pity of it.

Fortune favored the camera in our morning call on the old Barnum house in the outskirts of Stamford, pictured below. Only a few months later the exquisite old shingles were stripped off the gable and new ones put on. But on this particular morning the old dwelling was radiant in the soft, clear light. All its homely details and unconventionalities were transfigured. It was cherry-time, and in chromatic harmony a robin perched near by, and a poor woman in a red bodice flitted in and out about her washing. It seemed a sort of Rip Van Winkle vision of the old pioneer days set down here "on a bias" to the modern street, as nearly all old houses are left by the changing of roadways. It is said that the place was originally owned by kinsmen of the great showman, who never had anything so rare in his collection as such a house will be a hundred years hence. This is a house that has seen General Putnam ride by at the head of his Continentals, has seen Lafayette's enthusiastic welcome by the populace, and many other such scenes, now almost forgotten.

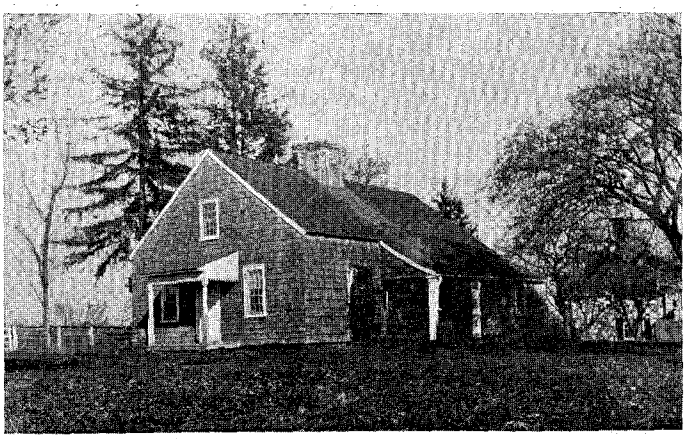


THE BARNUM HOUSE—THE OLDEST IN STAMFORD, CONN.

In a quest for the old gray-shingled house one soon learns that he will not discover many well-preserved ones in a day's driving unless he is familiar with all the roads—knows their haunts, so to speak; for the old house in its habitat so harmonizes with its surroundings that it hides among bushes and rocks as slyly as a partridge or quail. Even its adornments and environment serve to draw one's attention away from the old house, as if it were an old lady saying: "Bless you! Look at these pretty grandchildren of mine. Pray, do not notice an old woman!"

Lilacs, syringas, trumpet-flower, red and pink and yellow roses, crocus and tulips, Jacob's-ladder and wandering-Jew, bleeding-hearts and love-in-a-mist, seem to spring up spontaneously all around the old gray houses. How can the old-fashioned flowers know how well the delicate gray in the background sets off their beauty? Sometimes one will wish to buy one of these old places, to try to preserve so much of old-time charm, if may be, by ownership. Occasionally, of course, such places are for sale, but again one may be met by some sedate, grave person who will say, with quiet dignity, "No, we prefer to keep our home while we live." It is easy to see how impossible it would be for such people to invest any other than their own gray dwelling with the attributes of home—that is, home with a big H.

The oldest house in the township of



THE SHAW HOUSE, NOROTON, CONN.

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YOUNGS HOMESTEAD, STAMFORD, CONN.

New Canaan, Conn., is situated on historic Carter Street, so called, a high ridge east of the village. This is the house once occupied by the Rev. John Ells, the first pastor of the local Congregational church, which dates back to 1731. The fame of Brother Ells's wit promises to last longer than his house, however well preserved the latter. It was under a window of this house, it is said, that the minister made use of the formula also attributed to Dean Swift, in marrying a couple who appeared for the ceremony late on a stormy night. The minister did not care to rise and dress so late, so called the pair under his window and pronounced this quatrain:

Under this window, in stormy weather,
I join this man and woman together;
Let none but Him who made this thunder
E'er part this married pair asunder.

Tradition credits the bridegroom with as nimble a wit as the parson. The latter had remarked that it was customary to offer a prayer on such occasions, but, as the thunder-storm was growing violent, he would omit it, as it was not essential. The bridegroom must have thought himself slighted by such an informal ceremony, for he muttered something about its being customary to pay a dollar on such occasions, but, as it was a pretty bad night, it was not essential; and he trooped off through the puddles with his bride under his arm. This house was built by one of the first settlers of Carter Street, about 1640, when white men first came to New Canaan, and the red chiefs, Ponas and Wascussue, were as common a sight as First Selectmen are to-day in the town. It was an old house when the smoke of Danbury was rising in the north, and the British, after their work of pillage and sharp fight at Ridgefield, were driven by General Arnold and his co-patriots to their boats on the Sound. Many of the original shingles are still in place on the old house.

On Oenoke Avenue, north of New Canaan, are several houses that date back to pre-Revolutionary times. One now occupied by Mr. Bond was built in 1740, by a settler, whose name, Haynes, still clings to that ridge of land. This old structure also sheltered one of the worthy parsons of early days, the Rev. Justus Mitchell, whose gift of oratory, percolating through three generations, flashed out again with perennial charm in the person

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of his great-grandson, Chauncey Mitchell Depew. A furlong further north is the old Davenport mansion with its quaint porches, oval windows in the gables, large rooms, old-fashioned halls, broad windows of innumerable panes, all charmingly situated on a corner surrounded by large trees, with a guide-board in front, and a watering-trough where the four-in-hands stop nowadays on their way from Stamford to Ridgefield.

We find the old well-sweep, too, at the Youngs homestead, previously alluded to, and at the Crabbe cottage, not gray-shingled, indeed, but gray-clapboarded, when we photographed it (see page 68), and remarkable for its tenant, Mrs. Phœbe Crabbe, on whose head the summer of 1897 promises to set the crown of a hundred years. "Ah," said the bright old lady, with delicious disdain of old age, "what is the use of repairing an old house? You may fix it, and mend it, and patch it, and after all it is an old house yet!"

So we may go wandering over the hills and vales of Connecticut and Westchester County, and among the old Dutch homesteads on Long Island, and in the course of some months or years may have made the acquaintance of many a gray-shingled home. They have their chosen localities. If you go too far west, you will find the old houses made of rough brown stone; and further north they will be of limestone. Where the saw-pit was planted earliest, there the weather-board was used by early builders, but rarely have clapboards survived from the last century, unless constantly painted. Paint is an excellent thing within its scope, but that scope has nothing to do with investing old shingled houses with the æsthetic charm that comes from the natural tints of age. No, no! our grandmotherly old house shall not paint her cheeks! Yet we have seen some homesteads that made a neat, sweet appearance with natural gray shingles, but with window-casings, sashes, door-casings, and cornice trimmed with white—a quaint dress that suggests a nice old Quaker lady with gray gown and immaculate cap, collar, and ruffles of white. Such a one is pictured on page 70—the Shaw homestead, west of Noroton—a finely preserved, hospitable old house.

Poor Partner!

By Octave Thanet

THE lamps were lighted overhead, adding the fumes of kerosene to the sickening riot of smells in a crowded car in winter. To prevent any rash lover of fresh air from raising a window, the railway authorities had thoughtfully screwed the outside windows to the car. They reasoned that most travelers want warm air, no matter how foul, but that the few who want ventilation are sometimes violent, and might force pure air on unwilling receivers; therefore they had kindly but firmly taken away the cause of dispute.

At least this is what the pale man in a black suit, with the black mustache, said to his companion, the portly man in the middle row.

"Maybe," grunted the portly man, "but if I come much nearer suffocation I may accidentally break a window; I paid that black scoundrel to open the ventilators, and they were no sooner open than somebody coughed, and he shut them again. I'm waiting to get at him!"

"You were always impatient, Thorne; you were impatient at college!"

Thorne smoothed his brown Vandyke beard and smiled a little. He looked like a genial man who might fall into fits of passion.

"I don't seem to have ever got anything by being patient," he grumbled. "Look at that fool over there getting the last ventilator in the car closed, confound him! I hope he'll catch a cold from the bad air. That woman in front of us has more sense; see the poor thing huddled up to the window for more air—fairly dying, I know."

The other man looked curiously at the woman. She was of a truth huddled as close as she could get to the window; and she had raised the inner sash. She

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was not a pretty woman, except so far as youth and delicacy are pretty. Indeed, she was too thin, too pallid, and too careworn for beauty; but she had honest, kind blue eyes, and her lips were sensitive and daintily cut. She wore a decent, faded brown stuff gown and a jacket too thin for the bitter weather outside. At intervals, warm as the intolerable atmosphere of the car was, she shivered. Yet she pressed her face the closer to the pane, while a tremor of some strong emotion stirred every line.

"Something is the matter with that woman," said the man in black.

"Asphyxiation!" retorted the stout man. "I feel it myself. I don't blame the railway for not running a Pullman on this train, but they might give us air—that's no expense to them!"

Meanwhile, the woman, who had heard every word, was thinking drearily to herself how the rich made troubles out of such trivial matters. "If that man with the fur collar once was in Pete's place," thought Nellie Bates, "he'd think this car was heaven! Oh, poor Pete! poor Pete!" The tears welled in her eyes, but she dashed them away, hoping no one saw the motion. "He told me I must be careful and look cheerful," she remembered, and struggled to force a smile at a small toddler who was trying to break his head against the chairs, as he staggered down the aisle.

The mother, a careworn farmer's wife, jerked him off his feet into her arms, and sank into a seat without a glance at Nellie. Nellie would have been glad had she sat beside her, and had moved her shabby valise off the next chair, with that purpose. "If somebody was here, I'd maybe get my mind off Pete for a minnit," she had thought, "and she didn't look so proud as the rest of the ladies in the car. Maybe she'd have been willing"—Nellie broke off with a sigh that almost made itself into a groan. She pressed her face closer to the glass, the mounting terror in her straining at her throat. She couldn't see anything, and the terrible shrieking pound of the wheels tore every other sound to pieces. She tried to force her mind off the terror even if it flew back to old sorrows. She thought of their hard year in Fairport, of the "friend" to whom Pete had lent a hundred dollars once, because he was likely to lose his home that he was buying on the installment plan; and it was when Pete was going to get married, too, and he had it saved up to buy the furniture. She had money saved, too, for she had been a "second girl" for three years; and when Pete told her he'd have to wait before they were married, and felt so bad, she showed him her savings-bank book, and how proud he was of her! Well, there was one thing, Pete and she had never had any mean times; there never was such a kind man as Pete; and they were so happy till the plow-works shut down and Pete went to Fairport, hearing of a job there. But there wasn't any job in the plow-works, so he went into the steel-mill and got a job there; and they saved a bit of money and bought the little shelter in Fairport. She shut her eyes and seemed to see the little room on which they had spent so much time. There was the table Pete made himself, borrowing Johnny Durgan's tools. And she had felt so cross at Johnny because he came in upon the table proudly displayed in the center of the room and laughed and hollered out, "Say, Pete, what makes your fine table so pigeon-toed?" But the legs did turn in a little, though that didn't make it the least bit worse to stand. The money for the brass lamp she made by going out to help a lady with a dinner. The curtains were so pretty, too. And now everything was gone, and the baby was dead, and Pete—she choked down the sob in her throat. If only there was some one she could ask to help her! At this thought she looked at the people on the chairs. The farmer's wife had given the child a large brown cooky, and he was making a depressing spectacle of himself without let or hindrance, while she read from the pile of books that the newsboy had deposited on the chair in front of her. Nellie did not dare address her. Neither did she dare speak to the stout lady in a wonderful black velvet hat, magnificent with plumes and crimson roses. This personage had been assisted on to the train at a small station by two stout sons and the brakeman. She had so many packages that she had called to the conductor: "*You'll* have to help me out, or I'll have to stay on the car all night;" and when the conductor laughed, and she laughed also, in

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a mellow, musical peal, Nellie had gazed wistfully at her and almost determined to speak to her; but as she saw her wave the newsboy's nuts and candies and enticing gum sternly away, her heart failed her. And, certainly, she should not dare intrude on the peevish invalid smothered in his greatcoat, who swore at the porter for opening the ventilators; while those rich men on the chairs behind her only frightened her. No, the whole world was against poor people. The best of the rich people didn't care, and the mean rich people were just like the men in that picture Pete bought, called The Shipwreck, where the men were pushing and shoving the other men off a raft, and one poor little boy was just drifting off to drown. She never had liked that picture; it gave her a bad dream once; but Pete bought it because of the beautiful gilt frame and its being only a dollar and sixty-nine cents, marked down from five dollars. Now, *they* were like those men on the raft; and the waters were over them.

Never in her whole hard-working, self-denying life had Nellie hated other people, or grudged those who had better things and softer lives than she their greater riches; but at this moment her heart was hot with the unreasoning anger of pain. "I'd be better off, and Pete'd be better off, if we'd stole and cheated; it ain't any better than stealing and cheating they've done to us!" Thus she thought bitterly; straining her ears for some other sound than the rumble of the train and the incessant pound of the trucks. The talk of the two men behind came to her, and she tried to listen. She felt that she could not much longer control her fears; and Pete had warned her to look cheerful.

"They talk about the workingman suffering"—it was Thorne who was speaking—"and there's no question, the workingman out of a job is suffering like the mischief. The workingman with a job, a steady job, never was so well off, for his wages haven't been reduced in anything like the proportion of other things. But the trouble is, the man with a job is often working eight hours or half-time. *He'd* be better off if he were working for less wages and working full time. The worst of the situation to my mind is that, low as manufacturing products are, they will have to come lower yet to reach the level of the agricultural products. Yet the workingmen would fight that."

"You see," said the other, "they naturally fight a reduction because it is so hard to raise wages again."

"And right they are, usually," said Thorne, wondering casually whether that little woman in front really had turned her head sidewise to listen; she might be a workingman's wife by her appearance—a workingman out of a job. "I say they are right when the cause is a transient one, a mere tumble-and-get-up-again drop in prices; but when the trouble is a permanent reason for depressing prices, then they aren't right, they are as wrong as possible! Look at the cruel irony of the situation! Here are our socialist friends howling the roof off because labor doesn't get the fair share of its product. Marx, you know, wasn't too modest; he claimed that labor ought to have *all* the product. Interest was the crime of the centuries. Well, to-day, in every business—and the Lord knows there are enough of them—that isn't more than paying expenses, or that is running at a loss, labor *is* getting it all! And the more labor gets, the worse the times are, and the worse labor really is off. I tell you, David, we're partners; and we can't cheat our partners and wreck a business and make money in the end. Not often. And to-day the manufacturer and the merchant and the retail man are catching as bad a blow as the workingman; and the capitalist, the fellow with money to lend, is getting it worst of all and is the sickest of the crowd. Think of mortgages; even farm lands in good, honest, middle Western States are shriveled all up, and stocks and bonds—oh, we're all catching it, this storm. But I believe the manufacturer is the hardest hit of the lot. If I ever pull through this year and get to a time when I don't have to lie awake night thinking how I can meet the competition of the fellows who have sliced off wages, without slicing mine, and don't dream of the faces of men we have to turn off when they are only seeking work, and can run my shops on full time with good wages—whew! I shall go down on my uninitiated knees and thank the good Lord, and promise to try to be a better man! You needn't laugh, you cynical clergyman!"

"I'm not a clergyman, I'm only a min-

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ister," returned the man that he called David, "and I assure you that in my soul I am very far from laughing—it's only your grotesque form of earnestness, Thorne. Yes, I suspect that reducing wages is a painful thing, light as some people make of it."

"Painful! It's like drawing teeth to a man who has a human heart in him; and most manufacturers haven't hearts of stone, though I admit the most of us don't see as much as we ought of our men and don't keep enough in touch with them. But I'll tell you something as bad if not worse than reducing wages—that is, to have to reduce your force. I had to. It was sickening. The worst of it was I had to drop into the office at the bad time, and hear one man talking to our superintendent. We laid off the unmarried men and a few of the younger married men. This man was a young fellow; he didn't look much more than a boy, but he was married. But Balcom told me he was one of the new men. I overheard him, with that pitiful attempt at nonchalance they always make, you know, saying to Balcom, 'Say, I wouldn't like to have it generally known, but if you'd pay me a dollar a day, I'd be willing to stay for a while;' and, as Balcom shook his head, the poor fellow's voice changed in a queer kind of a way, with a break in it, and a kind of quiver all over his face, for all the world like a child's, and says he, quickly, 'If you jest keep me on two weeks longer—my baby's dead and my wife's terrible sick'—I wanted to chip in and get near enough to tip the wink to Balcom; but that moment somebody fell on me with a telegram, and when I came back the poor fellow was gone. I asked Balcom, and he said he couldn't keep him on, but he put him first on the list when we take on more men. But, confound it! I can't get the look of that man's back out of my head; his shoulders had such a look of dejection, and his trousers had been patched in so many places, and so neatly—so blamed neatly. I don't know why that should have made me pity him more, but it did."

He had forgotten all about the woman in front, who was resting her head wearily on the chair; nevertheless, she heard every word, listening with an indescribable eagerness.

"Did you take the man's name?" said the minister.

"Yes; his name was Peter Bates"—the woman shut her lips a little t'ghter—"very decent fellow and a good workman; machinist, not a regular iron worker—helped about repairing the rolls. I took the pains to go around to his address, but I had to go out of town that night, and it was a week before I got back; and, do you believe, the poor beggar had been sold out in the meanwhile. He had a little three-roomed house, owned it himself, on one of the streets the city has just paved with brick; and the taxes came to more than the poor little place was worth, so they lost it; and as they had put a chattel mortgage on the furniture to enable them to pay up clean on the house, it did look bad for the poor creatures. But they were gone, and I couldn't find them."

"But that was unjust on the part of the city; it wasn't taxation, it was confiscation."

"Looked like that to me, but they argued that the value of the property would be increased by the pavement. Seems to me it was rather like throwing a man into deep water who could not swim: he'd learn to swim—if he didn't get drowned! But municipalities do queer things. Ours, besides frightening all the poor property-owners into fits, because several small property-owners actually have lost or will lose their holdings on account of the big tax, ran a brick pavement through a stone quarry; bless your soul, when they came to that stone roadbed they didn't turn a hair—just piled on the assessment onto the abutting property—which belonged to some one out of the State and was fair game—and ran their road straight through, quarried it out and laid a course of brick, as the specifications demanded—put a brick roadway on top of the stone!"

"I call it atrocious—are we going to stop?"

The train was jarring and making a shuddering purr as its speed slackened. Nellie threw up her head, clenching her fists unconsciously in a horrible fear. Why should they stop? She could see through the blurred windows only a winter-stung prairie, bare of any human sign except fences and dead corn-fields. She pressed her face closer to the pane

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and gasped ineffable relief as Thorne answered; "Big water-tank on the other side; good for ten minutes here."

"Oh, I *will* do it," she resolved. "I've *got* to; he talked like a kind man."

She turned her head. "If you please, sir," said she, her voice trembling in spite of her, "what time do we get to Kansas City?"

"Half-past nine, madam," answered Thorne, courteously.

Nellie caught her breath. There was no color to ebb out of her white face; but a blue shadow settled about her mouth.

"I thought it would be sooner," she said. "Please, sir, how much is the fare to Kansas City from here?"

"About six dollars, I think."

She tried to speak, but could not keep her mouth from quivering.

"Haven't you bought your ticket?" said Thorne, kindly.

"Yes, sir—oh yes, sir; it ain't for me." She slipped her hand under her collar and drew forth a gold locket, then from her left hand she pulled off a slender wedding-ring. "The ring's solid gold, sir," she said, her imploring eyes on his face; "the locket's jest plated, but the man said it would wear for twenty years, and it was a very stylish design. Will you—would you give me six dollars for the two?"

Thorne drew back; she misunderstood his motion, and added, quickly, "If you will take them and lend me the money on them, I'll pay it back. I ain't quite exactly a stranger to you. My husband, Peter Bates—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Thorne; "I want to get up and come into your seat; will you permit me?" He had suited his action to his words and was sitting in the next chair before the train stopped.

"Now," said he, "what do you want to sell your wedding-ring for; and isn't that hair in the locket?"

"Yes, sir; it's Pete's and—and Baby's. But I would take the hair out. I'll surely pay it back if you'll buy it; and if you'd give me the money now, so I could get the ticket."

"Whom do you want the ticket for?"

"For Pete, sir." She spoke almost in a whisper.

"Is he stealing a ride?"

She looked at him in an agony.

"Don't be frightened; I won't give him away."

"Yes, sir; and it's getting so awful cold. I've got out every station to see he was all right, till he told me I mustn't—they'd suspect something. I gave him some lunch; but it wasn't much, only what a neighbor lady gave me—a couple of biscuits and a sausage, and I'd ten cents I got him a cup of coffee with. You won't, please, say anything to the conductor 'bout it. We never did a cheating thing before, Pete or me; but Pete, when he lost his job with you, he couldn't git another, though he'd go every day with his shovel, that he bought, to the Street Commissioner; and before we lost our shelter, just like you said, sir, Pete he begged the Street Commissioner jest to give him work and let him work it out. It seemed like he *ought* to give him work when he'd paid taxes and when we got to pay such a big tax; but he said there was men in worse need than we. God knows how that could be, for Pete made the baby's coffin himself, when it died, and we—we couldn't even hire a covered carriage; but that's what he said. And it looked like we'd starve, when a friend of Pete's that he'd lent money to a good bit back, he got a job for Pete in Kansas City and sent him the money. And then Pete didn't know what to do. I was so weak with my sickness I couldn't wash, nor go out, nor I didn't know anybody where to go; and we knew we could go to his friend's for a day and get trusted, if we could only get to Kansas City. So Pete he told me not to worry, and he come back smiling and give me the ticket he'd bought, and he told me he'd fixed it he could ride free; and for me to not worry, he'd meet me in the Kansas City depot. And I did get on; but I got out to maybe catch a glimpse of him; and I found *how* he was riding free!" Her words choked her; the blue eyes fixed on Thorne wavered and shrunk away.

"Where was he?"

"He was riding on the bumpers, sir—the third car back—"

The chair that held the stout lady in the plumed hat suddenly whirled round. "Do you mean to tell me that your husband's outside, in this sleet, riding on the *trucks*, and that's what's made you get out at 'most every station and act like you

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have? I thought, twice, you were crying, but when I looked round you were pretending to be cheerful—"

"He told me I must look cheerful. Oh, Missis, you won't tell on him—"

The stout lady turned on Thorne: "Are you going to find the conductor and get that man off, or am I?"

"I think you would better let *me*," said Thorne. "Now, Mrs. Bates, don't worry any more; we'll have your husband here in a minute."

"Yes, don't you worry," added the minister, who had risen as well as Thorne. "*We'll* get him."

"You let *me* come in there," said the stout lady, with decision. "You look after him and I'll attend to her. And the quicker you are the better."

Anybody could see that the stout lady was a woman of power, accustomed to command. In her own village no doubt she was the President of the Woman's Club, a massive pillar of the church, and one to whom distress of any sort applied naturally for aid, and from whom it would take reproof with meekness.

Thorne and the minister did her bidding as readily as if they had been under her sway for years. They hurried out of the car. At the same moment, two or three men in other parts of the car, aroused by the stir, came forward; and the invalid in the greatcoat met them.

"What's the matter?" repeated the stout lady in a fine, sonorous voice that had often, in the Woman's Club, drowned a dozen shrill feminine pipes with its organ-like tones. "The matter is that, rather than leave his wife behind to starve alone, this woman's husband is riding on the trucks, clinging to them, half frozen, from Fairport to Kansas City; and she's trying to sell her wedding-ring to get a ticket for him!"

"And *I'm* taking up a collection," added the invalid, flinging a dollar into his own hat before he passed down the aisle.

"That's right, sir," exclaimed the stout lady, her own purse out with her word.

Nellie sat in a daze, relinquishing herself to the new guidance, with a faint comfort stealing like oil over her tumult of fears. But the train had stopped now, and her one overwhelming emotion was the dread lest Pete should not have been able to keep his hold. Yet, even through her terror, a perception of the kindness of all these people, whom she had thought so far from kind, was threading its way to her bewildered soul.

She saw the woman with the child slip a piece of silver into the hat before she came across the aisle, satchel in hand.

"Say, I heard it all," she cried. "I've got some luncheon here and some coffee, and I've got a tin cup, and I'm going to set it right on the coals and warm it for you. Do you like your coffee pretty sweet?"

"I can't eat," said Nellie, "I'm—there's something in my throat! Oh, *do* you think he's helt on?"

"Of course he's held on," said the lady in the hat, firmly. "We should have bumped if he hadn't. I know you can't eat; but you can drink. And *he'll* be wanting some good hot drink—that's the best thing you can do! And this lady here"—calmly impressing a young girl who had come down the aisle to join the little crowd clustered about the seat—"this lady, here, will mind your little girl while you're doing it!"

"Oh, you're so kind!" Nellie stammered; and then something seemed to break in her throat, and she burst into tears.

The woman beside her wrapped a strong, kind arm about her. "There, there," she soothed; "you don't want him to find you *crying!*"

Nellie strangled her sobs instantly; and if anything had been needed (which it was not) to clutch the grip of the stout lady's will on the obedience of the passengers in that car, this proof of capacity would have done the trick.

"It's only because you—you are all so awful good and kind, and—and we thought there wasn't no more kind folks in the world," sobbed Nellie, almost breaking down again.

"Folks are kind enough if they only know," said the stout lady, in her assured manner. "Now, you look cheerful, for—"

But even the stout lady's cheerful voice halted in a thrill of fear at the sight of Thorne's compassionate face in the doorway and the grave faces behind him; Nellie staggered to her feet with a dreadful face of anticipation. But it was hardly a second, hardly the smother of a heart-beat, before her companion's voice

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sounded heartily again. "There he is, a little stiff and pretty well smouched up with cinders, but safe and sound!"

The man whom Thorne and the minister were supporting, and whom they gently pushed into the vacant chair (promptly supplied by the stout lady), was indeed so covered with cinders and sleet that had frozen on him that he discovered hardly a feature; he could scarcely move his stiff legs, and his head sagged on his thin shoulder. Yet, at the voice, he straightened himself, feebly shook off his supporters, muttering, "I kin walk all right!" and weakly tried to smile.

His wife looked up at him. "Oh my! Pete!" said she.

"I'm jest too dirty to set down in these nice chairs," he apologized; "don't you touch me, Nellie!"

But his wife laid his head recklessly on her shoulder, and motioned for the coffee to be handed to her.

"All you need is a little coffee," said she, "and that lady's been warming it ready for you—oh, Pete, folks have been so kind to me!"

"And me, too," cried Pete. "Nellie, it was the old man himself helped me off and paid my fare; and he's going to give me a letter to the Kansas City people. You put it down so's we kin pay him back. Nellie, there's lots of kind p ople in the world, after all."

"Fo'ks are kind enough if they only know," Nellie answered.

Thorne caught the words as he passed, and repeated them to his friend.

"Well, I think you have done your duty by your partner this time," said the minister.

"Poor partner!" said Thorne, musingly. "Labor is getting pretty much all we make in our business, yet look at him; and if I were getting a little more he'd be all right. Poor partner!"

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending April 16. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

The country hotel has perhaps never before been the starting-point of a novel containing masterly pieces of character-drawing. It required the genius of Mr. W. D. Howells to put the summer hotel into a novel in such a way as to suggest almost every passion that moves men and women, and to typify in the hotel's evolution from a farm-house to a fashionable mountain resort the evolution of character of those who controlled its destiny. The wife and mother toiling hopelessly on, year after year, on a rocky farm, unconscious of the ambition and strength within her, until the arrival of an artist looking for subjects reveals to her the salvation that is to be found in the "summer boarder," is one of the most interesting characters. That is the beginning, but the end is, to quote a neighbor, a "runnaysonce" hotel, "and you ride up to the office through a double row of columns under a kind of portico." This is accomplished through the aid of a fire—a fair analogy of the evolution of the character of the owner of the "runnaysonce" hotel. There are many types of character in *The Landlord of the Lion's Head Inn:* the girl whose character makes one think of a pure white light; the crafty woodsman, her father, who has in him the elements of the poet-philosopher, united with the Yankee thrift which makes him see all the opportunities for gain; the worn-out family of wealth, whose last scions have nothing left but their social positions and nerves, whose lives are brought into close touch with a boy who is as untrammeled by moral restraint as the wild things in his native woods; and the artist whose chance appearance on a summer evening at a farm-house about to be deserted by its owners puts an idea into a woman's head—who becomes also, in spite of his effort to escape, the friend who must appear at every crisis in the life of the family whose flight to the West he unconsciously stops. There are also two or three Boston families who have heard of the world of barbarians who live outside of their circle and commit crimes against "good form." These are necessary to give means to introduce the boy from the woods to the world of social standards. Strongest of all is the New England woman fighting poverty, disease, and death, but bringing out of it all ambition, spotless integrity, and desire to give her son the opportunities that a touch with the world shows her men must have to succeed, who dies defeated of her main purpose because the inheritance she transmitted from her father to her son makes it impossible for him to be what she would have him; while the moral strength she gives him saves him from being what his grandfather was. "The Landlord of the Lion's Head Inn" may not cause a sensation in the

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literary world, but it is as good a piece of work as Mr. Howells has ever done. The character-drawing of the women is finer, surer, and more comprehensive than is usual with Mr. Howells's women. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, *Hilda Strafford*, is a gentle and quiet story of life on a fruit-ranch in Southern California. All the characters are of English birth, and the longing for "home" of the young men, counteracted by ambition, duty, and love of outdoor life, is contrasted with the passionate discontent of a young English wife, who in the end breaks her husband's heart and helps end his life by her lack of appreciation of his efforts to make her happy in surroundings to her uninteresting and repellent. There is really no other plot, and in every way the story is a slight one, but written with refinement and care. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——From the same publishers comes Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, an exceedingly lively and amusing tale of Western railroad adventure – somewhat improbable in a few details, but spirited and original.

Mr. Robert Hichens's *Flames* is the most ambitious work of fiction yet written by the author of "The Green Carnation." Occultism, "suggestion," soul-transference (or what in old times would have been called simply magic) are used to introduce a study of vice in London. The atmosphere of the book is "degenerate" and unpleasing, though it does not seem to have been written with a positively bad purpose. That the author has ability is certain. If he would write a plain, straightforward story of life and character, we believe that he could make an honored place for himself among English novelists. But he is taken up with "tendency" theories and morbid studies of the morally diseased side of modern life. He often says keen and even brilliant things; his men and women (apart from their dealing with the supernatural) talk and act like real human beings: he knows London thoroughly; he has the knack of "keeping the interest up;" but we leave the book with the feeling that we have been in bad company and with a strong desire for fresh air. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

The Day of His Youth, by Alice Brown, is a book quite out of the ordinary. It tells the story of a boy brought up in the woods by his father—a man of culture, taste, and feeling, who leaves the world of society upon the death of the wife and mother. The youth never sees a woman until he has come to manhood, and then, naturally, falls in love with the first he sees, wooes her with ardor and purity of passion, follows her into the conventional world, in the end is jilted by her, and returns to the forest only to bury his father, whose summons home he had ignored in the intensity of his grief. This is the barest outline of what is really a poetic fancy worked out with originality, bearing every mark of a strong yet delicate imaginative faculty, and written with distinct charm of style. It is well now and then to have a little clear idealism to set against the somewhat turgid realism of contemporary fiction. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Edmund P. Dole, the Assistant Attorney-General of Hawaii and author of an excellent book called "Talks about Law," makes clever use of his legal knowledge in his novel *The Stand-By* in following the imaginary ins and outs of a great legal struggle between prohibitionists and liquor-dealers in a New England village which has long been under the control of a brewer (by far the best character in the book) who is rich, generous, a good citizen in most ways, but an unscrupulous and determined leader of the anti-prohibition forces. The history of the struggle is told with decided vigor and raciness. This is much the best attempt we have ever seen to carry on propagation of prohibition principles in the form of fiction. The element of romance is found in the love story of the daughter of the brewer and a young prohibition leader and editor, the hero of the book, and the "Stand-By" of all that is sound and true. (The Century Company, New York.)——*Saint Eva*, by Amelia Pain (wife of the well-known English writer of clever short sketches, Barry Pain), is slow to arouse the reader's interest, sad in its development, and tragic in its end. The character of the heroine, Eva, is brought out with skill, and the book is free from vulgarity or obtrusive faults of any kind. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——Mrs. Burton Harrison has gathered several studies of New York society life, with two or three stories of a different kind, into a volume called *The Merry Maid of Arcady, His Lordship, and Other Stories*. The first and last of these (the latter a burlesque but amusing sketch of a wife-seeking English lordling in America) give the double title to the book, and are decidedly the best included in the volume, which, by the way, is an odd and rather unhandy specimen of book-making. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

Tracked by a Tattoo, by Fergus Hume, is an ingenious detective story with absolutely no literary merit. Mr. Hume follows Mr. Conan Doyle's footsteps in this kind of literature—at a distance. (F. Warne & Co., New York.)——Much better in style and execution is Max Pemberton's *Christine of the Hills*, a tale of Dalmatia and the Adriatic islands, of fierce passion and strange tragedy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The possibility of a wife of strong womanly nature developing in her husband character, purpose, and love is clearly shown in *An Inheritance*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The story is laid in a mountain town in Massachusetts. The principal characters are a doctor and his wife. The latter discovers during the honeymoon that she had been married for her money, and that her husband drank to

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excess. To save her husband from himself, to do the work he had left undone, is the purpose of a life lived wholly within itself. A family with an ancestry, homestead, portraits, heirlooms, and an inheritance of insanity form the accessories to a plot which reveals the inconsistencies in characters moral because shielded from temptation.

Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement, by Mr. William Courtney Watts (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), will probably prove interesting in local color to some Kentuckians, but to the rest of the world we fear that it will consist only of four hundred and ninety pages of commonplaceness, related in a style so stilted as to be humorous if one is not obliged to read the entire book. ——*In Golden Shackles*, by "Alien" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), tells of a remarkable father, who cripples his small son. In bitterness of spirit he decides that it will be a relief to discover gold, and disappears with a smaller daughter. The career of the latter in a miners' camp is sketched in no very attractive style, but it is easy to see that the author means well enough. The book is an exception to many published nowadays in that it is entirely moral.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer is a woman of such general ability and such excellent training with her pen that one is not surprised to find her deserting the field of the cathedral and of art for fiction. Nor is one surprised, in looking at the four short stories contained in the little volume *One Man Who Was Content* (The Century Company, New York), to discover that she has brought freshness of feeling, vividness of description, and a thorough knowledge of the life with which she deals.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is at her best when she deals in any way with seafaring people; the instinct for the sea is evidently in Mrs. Barr's blood; her imagination is inspired by it, her poetic sense vivified, and her descriptive power stimulated by contact with the sea in any form. Her latest story, *Prisoners of Conscience*, appeals to the two instincts which are strongest in her nature—the love of the sea and the instinct for religion. It is a story of exceptional power, and it deals with a motive which Mrs. Barr thoroughly understands. Her people are the Shetland fisherfolk, brought up in the strictest kind of Calvinism, and believing in it literally and with absolute, unquestioning faith. Mrs. Barr works out the destiny of three people under the awful cloud of a fatalistic faith, and she shows how, in the end, a higher and finer type of Christianity prevails over the lower, harder, and narrower type which has made conscience, not a force that guides, but one that binds and imprisons. If the story has a fault, it is to be found in the absence of shading; it is almost too powerful; the strain is at times too great. In originality, freshness of feeling, and genuine literary force, Mrs. Barr has written nothing better. (The Century Company, New York.)

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore attempted a very difficult and dangerous thing in *The Jessamy Bride*. He set out to reproduce a group of the best-known men and women of the last century—the group which centered around Dr. Johnson, which included Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and two or three famous actresses, Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride" being, of course, as the title of the book indicates, the central figure. Mr. Moore has attempted to imitate the conversation of some of the best-known talkers in the history of English literature. He has not been in every case entirely successful, and yet his story is, on the whole, a distinct and charming success. His portraiture of Johnson is not very effective, but he succeeds admirably with Garrick and with the "Jessamy Bride." The atmosphere of the story is delightful, and one forgets its defects in its freshness of sentiment and sweetness of tone. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

The Self-Pronouncing Sunday-School Teacher's Combination Bible, which bears the imprint of the National Publishing Company (239 Levant Street, Philadelphia), shows the changes, additions, and omissions made by the revisers in King James's Version, thus presenting at a glance the differences between the two versions. It also contains helps of all kinds to the study of the Bible, a concordance, maps, and a subject index. The text follows that of the Oxford Bible. The book is printed from an unusually large, clear type, is bound with flexible covers, and appears to be in every way a very satisfactory piece of book-making. Its advantages to the student and teacher are obvious.

Dr. Newman Smyth's *Place of Death in Evolution* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) is reserved for later notice.——The second edition of Archbishop Ireland's *The Church and Modern Society* has appeared. (D. H. McBride & Co., Chicago.)——A memoir of the late *John Hopkins Morison* has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and is an interesting biography, not only to the friends of the late Dr. Morison, to all those who live in Milton, Mass., and to Unitarians generally, but to those who would read about the quiet, normal development of Christian civilization in New England from the beginning of this century to the present time. ——Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, well known as the author of many books for girls, has now published a book which she dedicates to her grandsons. The title is *The Open Mystery, a Reading of the Mosaic Story*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Mrs. Whitney believes, with all other Christians, that there is something in this old story beyond all question of mere outward form or order or authorship. This something "has been given into the souls of men who have been thus received into the 'fellowship of the mystery' which was from the beginning, and yet was not a

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hiding against all finding, but only a safe-covering for a sure, continual bringing forth." In this spirit Mrs. Whitney relates the early Old Testament stories, and earnestly seeks to strike through the surface at the truth and unity which lie below.——*The House of Dreams* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), by an anonymous author, is one of those books of which we have not too many. It is dreamful, of course, but its dreams are of that graphic sort which live with us in the daytime as well as in the night-time, of that sort which bring not only spiritual comfort, strength, and rest in hours of meditation, but go with us in the other hours of activity or endurance and make character.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Captain A. T. Mahan's *The Life of Nelson* really rounds out and is the logical development of his two great works on "The Influence of Sea Power." It is safe to say that no recent work of biography has been more eagerly looked forward to, and in England the book has already been greeted with enthusiasm as masterly and comprehensive. We shall, of course, review it at some length at an early date. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

We reserve for later notice the *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, by Messrs Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

TRAVEL, ETC.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has put into book form some of the newspaper letters written on his recent visit to Cuba, and has added thereto information about the situation in Cuba suggested by many questions asked him since his return. He is a warm advocate of interference by the United States solely on the ground of humanity, and he cites the reports of our consuls in Cuba to sustain his charges of wanton cruelty by the Spanish authorities. We agree with Mr. Davis that the United States should be thoroughly informed of the facts before interference, and we earnestly hope that our present State Department will not only obtain full, accurate, and impartial knowledge, but that it will lay it before the country. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia is a fairly readable record of a bicycle trip through Spain made two years ago by a husband and wife—William H. and Fanny B. Workman. This is a wheeling trip not often taken, because of the badness of Spanish roads. The authors had an opportunity to see many places not often visited by tourists, and to see the people near at hand and under familiar conditions. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

LITERATURE

The third edition of Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies* does not receive any important addition in the way of positive knowledge, although it receives some correction of exuberance of feeling in the preface. Exuberance of feeling is now, however, so uncommon among writers of purely literary themes that it is quite pardonable, not to say distinctly enjoyable. The book deals with Lodge, Webster, Herrick, Crashaw, Cowley, Otway, and a few minor writers, in Mr. Gosse's well-known style—a style which never conveys the impression of spontaneity, but which is generally clear, informative, and satisfactory. Moreover, Mr. Gosse understands his field thoroughly; he is an indefatigable, although he has not always been an entirely accurate, student. His work shows in all essential details, however, great care, trained intelligence, and sound taste. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

To the Temple Classics have been added the second volume of Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*, and the first volume of Florio's translation of the *Essayes* of Montaigne. It was a happy thought on the part of the editor of this series to reprint this notable Elizabethan translation of one of the classics in the world's literature. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mark Twain is better known as a humorist and a story-teller than as an essayist, but his publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, have put together eight of his essays under the title *How to Tell a Story and Other Essays*, and included them in the very interesting series of American Essays which they are now giving to the public. These essays are, as one might anticipate, of a somewhat miscellaneous character, so far as subjects are concerned, and yet they are not without their literary atmosphere and references. "How to Tell a Story," "In Defense of Harriet Shelley," and "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," show the student of literature as well as the original writer and humorist; but the private history of the Jumping Frog story takes us into the field which Mark Twain has made peculiarly his own. Two essays are devoted to M. Paul Bourget, about whom and to whom Mr. Clemens has some interesting and suggestive things to say.

Again this week Messrs. Ginn & Co., of Boston, send us another of their valuable publications, on the cover of which they have thought well to put the name of the editor, but not that of the author. The publication is a reprint, with notes, of *La Pierre de Touche*—a comedy by Émile Augier in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. The name of the editor, however, Dr. Harper, of Princeton University, deserves prominent enough place, since his introduction to the play is one of the best essays on the modern French drama which we have read. No one else has so clearly drawn the distinction between the plays of dramatists like Alexander Dumas *fils* and those of an Émile Augier. From the first, we have plays about life as one suspects it; from the latter, as one sees it; with the first, comedy is a reflection of the half-world merely; with the latter, a reflection of the whole world.

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THE FINE ARTS

Mr. George Iles is the general editor of the admirably annotated lists of the American Library Association (Boston). The Association now publishes in an attractive volume a *Bibliography of Fine Art*. Mr. Russell Sturgis has charge of the departments of painting, sculpture, architecture, decoration, and illustration, and Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel edits that of music. We note some regrettable omissions; for instance, justice is not done to all the works of John Addington Symonds and Walter Pater; but these omissions are rare exceptions. The descriptive, critical, and comparative notes are excellent, and the volume is sure to be of great value. We are glad to learn that an appendix may shortly be issued by Mr. Iles to his "Readers' Guide to Economic, Social, and Political Science."

OUT-OF-DOORS

The author of *Nature in a City Yard*, Mr. Charles M. Skinner, seems to be a happy combination of John Burroughs, Charles Dudley Warner, and H. C. Bunner, and he has succeeded in producing a book which would reflect credit on the collaboration of those skilled picturers of nature and life. With his John Burroughs pen he writes of the flowers, plants, insects, and sky effects that may be studied and enjoyed in a city back yard; then he dips into the Warner inkstand and gives us occasional descriptions of "that McGonigle Boy," with a running comment of modern philosophy from the urban point of view; and he introduces a Jersey peddler and other peripatetic street characters with all the gayety and precision of Mr. Bunner. It is decidedly a book for city lovers of country life to read. (The Century Company, New York.)

EDUCATIONAL

Miss Mary R. Alling-Aber's *An Experiment in Education* (Harper & Brothers, New York) is an account of certain methods of teaching children which were tested in a private school in Boston, and later in a public school at Englewood, Ill. They were made in the hope of discovering how far the traditional methods of teaching children are responsible for the defects of mental life which come to the surface later. The volume is a very suggestive contribution to current educational literature.

MISCELLANEOUS

The *Talks to Young Men* and the *Talks to Young Women*, by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, which appeared in 1896 in the "Ladies' Home Journal" have been published in two neat volumes by the Century Company, New York. The "Talks to Young Women" aroused some feeling, when published, on account of Dr. Parkhurst's position on the woman's suffrage question; many women who oppose the extension of the franchise resented the position taken by Dr. Parkhurst. His analysis of the women who advocate the extension of the suffrage to women seemed unfair. There are women, womanly women, who ask for the ballot in a spirit of deep unselfishness; they believe it would improve the condition of wage-earning women, and give the poor man's home a larger share in the decisions of the Government. They advocate woman's suffrage while they shrink from the personal responsibility it imposes. All the "manly women," to quote Dr. Parkhurst, are not found on one side of this question, nor all the womanly women on the other. On the subject of college education for women, Dr. Parkhurst should study more closely the history of the higher education of women, of women's colleges, and co-educational institutions of learning. He seems to have allowed preconceived opinions to control his judgment after some investigation into the subject The "Talks to Young Men" is a most valuable book; every man, young or old, will gain a new purpose, perceive a new revelation of the place he should fill in the world, and God's purpose in creating him. Dr. Parkhurst knows man, his strength and his weakness. The author of these "Talks" is too earnest and sincere a man to have approached the subjects he treats of in these books in other than a reverent spirit. Where he knows whereof he speaks, the world is better for what he has written; where he has only partial knowledge his touch is uncertain.

Mr. F. G. Aflalo is the editor of *The Literary Year-Book, 1897*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) It is a pity that American authors, publishers, and booksellers are not represented to a larger extent in this publication. Nor does the volume meet all the requirements of a comprehensive work of reference in British literary matters. So far as it goes, nevertheless, the book seems well done, and the various tables and directories are not too dry reading, for sandwiched among them are some good portraits and biographical sketches.

Literary Notes

—One of the chapters of General Wilson's new biography of Grant may be said to have been written by the great commander, for it consists of a series of most valuable war letters addressed during that period by the General to his friend, the Hon. E. B. Washburne, then a member of Congress from Illinois, and later American Minister to France. The new volume, which will appear early in May, is the twelfth of Appletons' Great Commander Series.

—The "Journal of Germanic Philology" has just been added to the list of American periodicals. The editor is Professor G. E. Karsten, of the University of Indiana, and he has associated with himself as co-editors the following specialists: For the department of Germanic grammar, Professor G. A. Hench, of Michigan; for English, Professor A. S. Cook, of Yale; for German literature, Professor H. S. White, of Cornell; for the European interests, Professor George Holz,

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of Leipsic. The journal is printed at the Norwood (Mass.) Press, and the publishers are Messrs. Ginn & Co., of Boston. It ought to have the support of all interested in Germanics.

—The Boston "Literary World" publishes a paragraph out of a private letter from R. D. Blackmore, in which the author of "Lorna Doone" says that to Americans the English language owes nearly all its new expressions: "There does not seem to be left in us the power to hit out a new spark of language. We are like a lot of boys with their hands in their pockets, looking on at the blacksmith, and racing for his red chips."

—The London journals are recalling the story of the visitor to Wessex who inquired of an old man if he knew Thomas Hardy, and received the following "delicious bit of depreciation" in answer: "Oh, the writen' chap! I've read some of his works. They say 'tis a gift. Seems to me 'tis just writen'—just sitten' down an' writen', an' not doen' nothen' at arl. What do 'e do? I ask 'e. Here be I doen' more proper work than Hardy ever did, an' they don't tark about I, an' say 'There's a great chap,' like they do about 'e."

—The San Francisco "Argonaut" tells of the downfall of a would-be wit who once tried to entrap James T. Fields at a dinner party. Before Mr. Fields's arrival one of the gentlemen informed the other guests that he had written some lines which he intended to submit to Mr. Fields as Southey's, and to ask in which of that author's works they could be found. This programme was carried out. "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher, "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such things could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain was softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

—An anonymous writer in "The Progressive Review" tells some interesting anecdotes of Walt Whitman He writes especially of a talk with the Autocrat, who said: "Oh! Whitman? well, well, well, Whitman is all very well—he has capacity, but it won't do—it won't do. I tell you what, it's something like this: you know skillful cooks say that the faintest odor, the merest whiff of asafœtida will give a piquant flavor to a dish—and I can believe that; but to drench it in asafœtida, no, that won't do. Now," he continued, "the other day Lowell and Longfellow and I were chatting together, and the subject of Whitman turned up. Said Lowell: 'I can't think why there is all this stir about Whitman; I have read a good deal of his poetry, but I can't see anything in it—I can't see anything in it.' 'Well,' said Longfellow, 'I believe the man might have done something if he had only had a decent training and education.'"

Books Received

For week ending April 16

EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK

Bottome, Margaret. A Sunshine Trip. $1.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Barr, Mrs. Amelia E. Prisoners of Conscience. $1.50.
Gilder, Richard Watson. "For the Country." $1.
Skinner, Charles M. Nature in a City Yard. $1.
Parkhurst, Charles H. Talks to Young Women. $1.
Parkhurst, Charles H. Talks to Young Men. $1.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler. One Man Who Was Content. $1.
Dole, Edmund P. The Stand-By. $1.25.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Harraden, Beatrice. Hilda Strafford. $1.25.
The House of Dreams. $1.25.
Pemberton, Max. Christine of the Hills. $1.25.
The Literary Year-Book for 1897. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. $1.25.
"Alien." In Golden Shackles. $1.25.
Gosse, Edmund. Seventeenth Century Studies. $1.50.
Ford, Paul Leicester. The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Hillis, Newell Dwight. Foretokens of Immortality. 75 cts.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Abbott, Evelyn, and Lewis Campbell. The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A. 2 Vols. $10.

THE ESKDALE PRESS, NEW YORK

Tait, J. Selwin. The Bravest of Them All. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Augier, Émile. La Pierre de Touche. Edited by G. M Harper.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Alling-Aber, Mary R. An Experiment in Education.
Pain, Amelia (Mrs. Barry Pain). Saint Eva. $1.25.
Howells, W. D. The Landlord at Lion's Head. $1.75.
Twain, Mark. How to Tell a Story and Other Essays. $1.50.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Carlyle, Thomas. Essay on Burns. Edited by A. J. George.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Whitney, A. D. T. The Open Mystery. $1.25.
John Hopkins Morison. A Memoir. $1 50.
Brown, Alice. The Day of His Youth. $1.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON

Harrison, Mrs. Burton. The Merry Maid of Arcady, His Lordship, and Other Stories. $1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Mahan, Captain A. T. The Life of Nelson. 2 Vols. $8.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Montaigne, Michael, Lord of. Essayes. Translated by John Florio. 50 cts.
Malory, Sir Thomas. Le Morte Darthur. (Part II.) 50 cts.

D. H. M'BRIDE & CO., CHICAGO

Ireland, John. The Church and Modern Society.

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA

The Self-Pronouncing S. S. Teachers' Combination Bible.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Workman, Fanny B., and W. H. Workman. Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia. $2.
Watts, William C. Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement. $2.
Jönsson-Rose, N. Lawns and Gardens. $3 50.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Davis, Richard Harding. Cuba in War Time. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Smyth, Newman. The Place of Death in Evolution. $1.25.
Spofford, Harriet Prescott. An Inheritance. 75 cts.
Life's Comedy. (First Series.) $1.50.

S. B. SHAW, GRAND RAPIDS

Shaw, Rev. S. B. God's Financial Plan. 35 cts.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO

Hichens, Robert. Flames. $1.50.
Moore, F. Frankfort. The Jessamy Bride.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Hume, Fergus. Tracked by a Tattoo.

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The Religious World

A Roman Catholic Jubilee

The friends of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, during the last week celebrated with great enthusiasm and many marks of deep appreciation the jubilee of the distinguished prelate who presides over that diocese. A stranger in the city would have been impressed by the thronged streets, the crowds of marching men and children, the decorated houses and churches, which suggested some great holiday. It was a noble tribute to the work of a highly esteemed man. On the evening of April 21 a vast procession representing all the parishes of the city marched through the streets. A banquet was given in honor of the Archbishop. Addresses were presented in behalf of the clergy and the laity, and also in behalf of his friends in the Diocese of St. Louis, from which he was transferred to Philadelphia. It was said that some of the marching societies desired to carry the Irish flag, but the Archbishop responded that he would allow only the American flag. The address of the Archbishop in reply to the many words of appreciation was fine in its spirit and catholic in its expression. We quote his reference to other denominations, as follows:

> I rejoice at the good feeling that exists between Catholics and their fellow-citizens of various denominations. I rejoice when they unite in works of general benevolence. Many outsiders are models of devotedness to such work. As our divine Lord did not confine charity to the orthodox Jews, but pointed to the heterodox Samaritan as a model for them and for us, so may we learn lessons sometimes from those that are without, and always unite with them in relieving the sufferers of our race; thus united in deeds of benevolence toward others, we shall learn to love one another the more, and, without compromising one iota of our honest convictions, become worthy of the name of our city. May sweet charity ever characterize our intercourse with one another and with all men, whatever be their faith or race. I know, Catholic people of Philadelphia, that this is your sentiment as well as that of your Archbishop.

Another Step toward Christian Union

The Congregational Association of New Jersey, which held its sessions in the Central Congregational Church of Philadelphia last week, took action which may prove to be of great importance. It may be said, by the way, that while this Association is not as large as many others, it has taken a leading part in the affairs of the denomination. The report on Christian Union which was adopted at the last National Council had its origin in this Association. There were many sessions of great interest at the meetings in Philadelphia, but the most important for the outside world was the one which considered this subject of Christian Unity. It was felt that the first movements toward the unity of the Church must begin with those whose forms of government are essentially the same. Addresses on the general subject were therefore given by the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., representing the Congregationalists, President Weston, representing the Christian Connection, and the Rev. A. B. Philbut, representing the Disciples of Christ. All were catholic in spirit; all deprecated existing divisions; and all expressed their belief that union as a mechanism is impossible, but that it is sure to come as a growth. At the close of the discussion an address was delivered which recounted the progress made in the direction of the federation of the churches in Great Britain, known as the Free Church Congress. The question was then asked, Why should we not, on this side of the water, do what has already been so well accomplished on the other side? As a result a motion was adopted memorializing the National Council's Committee on Christian Union, and asking that steps be taken looking toward a movement among the churches of the United States corresponding to the Free Church Congress in Great Britain. It was adopted without a dissenting vote. It is hoped that, as a result of this action, at least by the year 1900, something like visible co-operation may be realized. We have already reported in these columns the growth of the Free Church Federation in England.

Progress in Fifty Years

The fiftieth anniversary of the Central Congregational Church of Bangor, Me., was celebrated on April 1. The chief event of the day was the address of the Rev. George W. Field, D.D., who for thirty years was pastor of the church, and who since his resignation has remained in Bangor. Dr. Field for years was one of the most unique figures in the pulpit of our country. He was repeatedly called to more conspicuous places, but was restrained from accepting, either by his modesty or his love of his people. It is related of him that he was once exchanging with an eminent pastor of the old school, and since widely known as a conservative leader. They met on their return from their respective services, when Dr. Field said to Dr. A., "I hope you had a good time with my people—what did you preach about?" "Yes," said Dr. A., "I *did* have a good time," rubbing his hands in delight, "and I preached on 'the damnation of the heathen.' Did you enjoy yourself in my church, Dr. Field?" The characteristic reply was to this effect: "I *hope* the service did good—my text was 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" Modest, witty, a spiritual genius, yet intensely distrustful of himself, Dr. Field has been content to be loyal in a small field, but the size of the field has been no measure of the ability of the man or the worth of his work. The following extracts from his ad-

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dress at the anniversary are worthy of careful perusal:

The change of the central point of our theology from the decrees of the sovereign ruler to the love of the infinite Father manifested in the person of Christ; the exalting in our preaching of character above either formal works or a formal faith; the substituting in the place of excessive and unwholesome appeal to fear as a motive the more Scriptural appeal to conscience, to love to all the higher and nobler impulses of our nature; the larger hope for the future life; the assurance that if any are finally lost it is because the infinite resources of infinite love are baffled in the attempt to save them—these are some of the changes which have come over the faith of the Church and over the preaching of the pulpit during the fifty years since this church was organized. For that we bless God, and are thankful: by just so much is the Christianity of the Church purer and more powerful, and the outlook for the future more hopeful.

Anniversary of the Training Home for Christian Workers

The anniversary exercises of the Training Home for Christian Workers were held in the Assembly Hall of the United Charities Building, New York, April 23. This institution is under the care of the Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission. Its object is to fit young women to engage in mission work at home and abroad. Among those most prominent in the administration of its affairs are the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D., and Mrs. W. F. Bainbridge, who represent the City Mission Society. At the anniversary addresses were given by three of the graduates, two being intended to illustrate the best methods of reaching, respectively, adults and children. The anniversary address was delivered by the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., and the diplomas were presented by Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, of New York. The Principal of this school is Miss Rosina D. Rowe. The instruction is practical and direct, as all can understand who know anything of the methods of Dr. Schauffler. Such schools as these, filled with earnest and consecrated spirits, are evidences of Christianity which no fine theories can disprove.

Unitarianism in England

This year's meeting of the Unitarians of Great Britain was held at Sheffield. The two things in the meetings which will be of the most interest to our readers were the sermon, and a discussion on the Spiritual Life of the Churches. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, who was so long known as one of the eminent ministers of the Established Church, and whom many of our readers have doubtless heard in the famous Bedford Chapel on Oxford Street. The Chapel has already been torn down, and Mr. Brooke is practically a Unitarian, although we detect in his sermon something far more catholic than limitation to any denomination. His text was, "The kingdom of God is within you." He said that the main subject of preaching is the human heart of man and the human heart of God, and their natural relation one to another. He said also: "In sermons the preacher must subordinate all mere intellectual interest to the questions which affect the heart of man. . . . The world is a sorely troubled one; it is shadowed by sin; it is filled with strife, and the human heart looks to the preacher for the word of comfort, consolation, and rest." The sermon closed with a powerful appeal to the example of Christ as one who taught religion, the knowledge and love of God, out of the knowledge and love in the heart of common humanity. The discussion on the Spiritual Life of the Churches was significant. The speaker indicated that he felt that the ministers are devoting too much time to merely intellectual questions; that they are preaching literature rather than religion. These were interesting questions: "Are not the ministers sometimes more concerned about problems than about souls?" "Do they not suffer because they fail to make enough of the simple, human, reasonable, natural Christ?" "In repudiating the supernatural have they not missed the potency of personality?" The other matter to which we refer is the somewhat singular statement that "many leave the Unitarian Church because they find it too restricted." There is a monopoly of real liberality in no denomination. Not infrequently those who emphasize liberality most are actually the narrowest; and not infrequently those who seem to stand for bigotry are broad and liberal. There is no distinct line separating those who are essentially liberal from those who are essentially the reverse. Some one once asked, "What has Unitarianism done for England?" The happy reply of Mrs. Humphry Ward was, "It has given to the world James Martineau." If it had done nothing else, it would still have a record of which it might well be proud. But James Martineau has passed his years of active service, and the question will soon arise, What will Unitarianism in England do in the future? Will it find another James Martineau to act as a prophet and interpreter of its deepest and truest life?

In India

The religious world of India has recently been very much stirred over the visit of Dr. John H. Barrows, and the return of Swami Vivekananda. We have already reported the generous reception given to Dr. Barrows, and the excellent service which his lectures have rendered. Swami Vivekananda, as is well known, came to this country three years and a half ago to attend the Parliament of Religions. Being a man of some eloquence and of a certain oratorical power, he gained some notoriety. He has been lecturing in England and America on the Vedanta philosophy. Wildly exaggerated reports have been sent to India concerning the success of his work. It has been said that thousands of Americans and Europeans have been converted to Hinduism through him, and that among the converts are

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many of the "master-minds of science, philosophy, and theology." Naturally, his countrymen were roused to a good deal of enthusiasm, and planned to give him a hearty welcome on his return. It may be said, by the way, that we have never heard of a single person of eminence or special intelligence in this country being converted to the Hindu philosophy by Swami Vivekananda, or any one else. He has been listened to with much interest, and many have been glad to study what he has had to teach them. That is all the truth there is in that report. On his return, however, he was welcomed as a hero. The Swami has not expounded in England and America pure Hinduism, but a teaching peculiar to himself. The following is condensed from the "Madras Mail," and gives a very good idea of his beliefs:

Every nation has some department in which it excels. The strength of the Indian people is their intense religiousness. In other countries religion is a minor thing—a mere ornament of life, overshadowed by their commerce or their politics. To the Hindu it is the whole of life. His leaders have never been generals or kings, but sages. India will never compete with European nations in politics, but its contribution to the sum total of human knowledge is a spiritual philosophy. India may freely learn from the West in material things, but in the things of the spirit India must be the teacher of the world.

There are two elements in Hindu literature—one consisting of eternal truth, and the other of ever-changing rites and customs and social institutions. The India of to-day is in bondage to these latter. It must cast off the bonds and get back to the original and eternal spiritual philosophy—that is, to the doctrine of the Vedanta, which, it is maintained, will supply the only philosophic basis for ethical and moral codes.

The strength of Hinduism as compared with Christianity and other faiths consists in the fact that it is independent of any historic persons. Christianity must stand or fall with Jesus Christ, and Islam with Mohammed, but Hinduism rests solely on spiritual truth.

The Swâmi attributes all that he knows to his master Ramakrishna Paramahamsa (an illiterate but remarkable Brahman devotee who lived near Calcutta a few years ago, and of whom Professor Max Müller recently wrote an account in the "Nineteenth Century"). "As the Lord," says Vivekananda, "has incarnated himself in time past in Rama, Krishna, Buddha, and others, so for the present age he has incarnated himself in Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, who is worshiped to-day by thousands of men in America and Europe, because his teachings are just the teachings which modern circumstances require. The modern world must bow and sit at the feet of Sri Ramakrishna."

Missionaries to the Latin Quarter in Paris

The free and careless side of life in the so-called Latin Quarter has been so clearly portrayed in recent fiction that anything regarding student life in Paris is of interest. In the current number of "The Open Church" the Rev. W. M. Paden, D.D., tells of the religious work begun there by the Rev. Charles Wood, D.D., during his few months' service in the American Chapel. Dr. Wood was much interested in and had intense sympathy for these young men, and realized their perils and temptations, and the meager opportunities which there existed for strengthening even a nature inclined toward religion. Finding that the students would not come over the river to hear him, he went to them. A series of Sunday evening meetings was inaugurated in the atelier of one of the larger schools. There, amidst the surroundings of an artist's workshop—some seated on stools and some on rough chairs—a large company of students meet every Sunday night to listen to an unconventional service. One student presides at the piano; a half-dozen others with various instruments form an orchestra to lead in the singing of the hymns. After the Scriptures have been read a programme of vocal and instrumental music—the best they can obtain in Paris—is listened to. The leader then talks to the students for twenty-five or thirty minutes, usually on some theme of special interest to them. These Sunday evening meetings have been very largely attended, and have become a wholesome place of rendezvous for the students. "They give the Christian students an opportunity to show their Christian sympathies, and bring them into closer touch with each other. They keep the ideals of Anglo-Saxon morality before the colony. They are of immeasurable encouragement to well-doers, and keep the fire burning under the consciences of many who are not doing so well. In individual cases men who have drifted far have been won back to Christian allegiance. Some have been enlisted in a week-night service for prayer and conference, and many have been brought into helpful relations with the churches across the river. The sick are visited, the despondent are counseled and encouraged, and, above all, the essentials of ethical conduct and Christian faith are discussed with the students almost daily in the frankest and most personal way—for the art student, instead of resenting such conversation, invites it and likes it." This work, which has been so well begun, we believe is being carried on by the Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., late of the West Presbyterian Church in New York.

An Incident

On Sunday of last week the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, found himself suffering from a severe cold. His voice grew more and more husky as he proceeded, and at length, after struggling with the impediment unsuccessfully, he stopped in the middle of his discourse and said: "I shall be obliged to ask Mrs. Chadwick to finish my sermon for me." As she came up into the pulpit he pointed out the place in his manuscript which he had reached, and, turning to his congregation, explained, "My wife has not read the manuscript, but I think she can get along with it." She gracefully completed the discourse in a clear, firm voice, notwithstanding the sudden emergency and the unusual position; after which her husband came back into the pulpit to conclude the services of the morning, saying as he did so, "A friend in need is a wife indeed"—a felicitous benediction to which the congregation must have wished to say "Amen."

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Correspondence

Infamous—if True

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The "Volunteers' Gazette" of April 3—by the way, an able, wide-awake paper—makes the following statement, which, if authentic, calls for more than a passing comment. I quote:

"The 'North and West' tells how, at a recent meeting of the Liquor League of Ohio, one of the officers delivered an address in which he gave utterance to the following remarkable language. He said:

"'The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. After men are grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys; and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed! Above all things create appetite!'"

It seems scarcely possible that even in a nominally Christian land such diabolical sentiment and purpose can be allowed to exist. I wish to ask through the pages of your widely read paper if it be the case. I would also like to ask, if this is true, what do the heads of our Christian homes expect to do about it? How do they intend to protect the children of the land?

A MOTHER OF SONS.

[If correctly reported, the speech above described is a disclosure of the sin of the liquor-selling business which stands in no need of comment.—THE EDITORS.]

The Original Emancipation Proclamation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of April 3, General J. G. Wilson, in his valuable and delightful paper on "Grant's Historic Utterances," at p. 890, uses these words: "Since the loss by fire of Lincoln's original Emancipation Proclamation." He undoubtedly refers to the loss of the manuscript of the January, 1863, proclamation in the Chicago fire. The original draft of the September, 1862, proclamation, in the handwriting of President Lincoln, with added pencilings by Secretary W. H. Seward, now hangs on the wall of the New York State Library in Albany, and is open to public inspection. Two papers are added to it—one an autograph letter from F. W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, dated January 4, 1864, testifying to the genuineness of the paper, and adding that it was sent to Albany with the consent of President Lincoln. The other paper gives the history of the paper in these words: "This original and only draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation was presented to the Albany Army Relief Bazaar in February, 1864, and brought the sum of $1,100 to its funds. It became the property of Gerrit Smith, who presented it to the United States Sanitary Commission in 1865. It was purchased of the Commission by vote of the Legislature for $1,000, and ordered deposited in the State Library."

W. R. EASTMAN.

State Library, Albany, N. Y.

Sugar and the Tariff

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your very intelligent and discriminating review of my book on our promising domestic sugar industry intimates that its development requires "very high indirect taxes." On the contrary, a duty of 1 to 1½ cents per pound upon imported raw sugar would be sufficient—a material reduction from the tariff of 1883—with a countervailing duty to offset European export bounties. This is the rate fixed by the Dingley Bill. Contrast it with the duties imposed upon sugar by every European country (except Great Britain) of 4 to 9 cents per pound, averaging 4.86 cents per pound duty on raw sugar now levied by eight European nations. (See p. 11, "Sugar.") To this they add direct subsidies and export bounties to sugar-producers aggregating $25,000,000 a year.

Make Hawaiian sugar pay the same duty as that from other "reciprocity" countries, as you so justly urge, and the new duties proposed, though less than one-third the average European rate, will enable over $200,000,000 of capital to be lucratively employed in operating the upward of 1,000 large sugar-mills required to supply the American market with $100,000,000 worth of sugar annually made from beets and cane grown by American farmers. This is a very moderate "indirect tax" to supply needed revenue for the time being, and to create the only industry of enormous proportions that offers American agriculture a home market for nearly 2,000,000 acres of a new and profitable crop. Sugar is the best, simplest, and most practical proposition yet advanced for helping to relieve agricultural depression. And we shall never have prosperity in America until the farmer is again prosperous.

HERBERT MYRICK,
Editor "American Agriculturist."

The energy which some people waste in denouncing their luck would almost enable them to succeed in spite of it.—*Puck.*

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

"R.'s" inquiry, April 10, for a form of morning and evening prayer suitable for a child of three has brought more communications than we have space for. Thanking all the writers, we select the following:

Morning.

Now I awake and see the light,
'Tis God who kept me through the night;
To him I lift my voice and pray
That He will keep me through the day.
If I should die before 'tis done,
O God, accept me through thy Son.

Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

Evening.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night.
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Morning or Evening.

Jesus, bless thy little child,
Make me gentle, pure, and mild;
Let angels guard me day and night,
Teach me to know and love the right;
Let my sins be all forgiven,
And fit me for a home in heaven.
Amen.

"A. D." sends the criticism that in the usual version of the familiar cradle prayer, "Now I lay me," etc., the phrase, "I pray the Lord," should be amended to "I pray Thee, Lord," so as to be really an invocation rather than a declaration.

Are you not wrong in saying, on page 762, that President Lincoln belonged to no denomination? My reading of his life years ago, I am sure, gave me a different impression. One of his early biographers, I think, presented him as an unbeliever. He was a member of an infidel club in his early days, but was converted to Christianity by Butler's Analogy, or McIlvaine's Evidences of Christianity, and was a student of the Bible certainly during his Presidency. I distinctly remember, when comment was made in some papers at the time of his assassination that he was not a Christian because he was at the theater on Good Friday, that a leading clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in Washington stated in a letter, published at the time, that it was Mr. Lincoln's intention, declared to him, to make a public profession of faith in his church in the then near future. Can all this be substantiated? The writer was on the other side from Mr. Lincoln during the war, but, with all his difference with the position of the President politically, has not been able to divest his mind of the firm belief that Mr. Lincoln was a sincere believer in the religion of the Saviour, whose purity of life was surely reflected in the life of Mr. Lincoln. H.

Our statement was strictly correct. It is equally certain that Mr. Lincoln was a Christian man. He was one of those whom Dr. Bushnell denominated "the outside saints," who belong to the invisible church, but not to the visible.

Will you please tell us how the Chinese, Japanese, and Mohammedan countries mark their time, in distinction from our Christian era? J. E. W.

The Chinese for more than 2,000 years have dated events from the year of the accession of the emperor reigning at the time. For general chronology their system is a complicated mode of reckoning by yearly, monthly, and daily cycles of 60. If 1864 is the first year of a cycle, 1873 will be the tenth year, etc. Each year, month, and day has its own name in its cycle, and by compounding these names the year, month, and day are expressed in a single word. The epoch of the first cycle is 2397 B.C., corrected in Chinese usage to 2277 B.C. In Japan, the European or Gregorian calendar was introduced in 1872. Japanese historians date their ancient history from the accession of the Emperor Jimmu, 660 B.C. The era in use among Mohammedans is that of the Hegira, the flight of Mohammed from Mecca, A.D. 622.

1. What books of the Old Testament were embraced in the Septuagint? 2. When was the Old Testament canon closed, authoritatively or otherwise? 3. Is there any evidence to support the statement that Christ had and used the same books of the Old Testament as we now possess in our Bible? Or, in other words, did he use the same Bible as we do now? 4. What evidence is there for the statement that "theology has no infantile stage," but comes forth as revelation complete and perfect? I. W. B.

1. The Septuagint translation into Greek, begun about 280 B.C., includes all our canonical books, together with the apocryphal. 2. The canon stood as now in the first century before Christ, but was not free from controversy as late as 90 A.D., when a Jewish synod pronounced against Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. 3. Yes; his quotations from the Old Testament and those of the Apostles prove this; these quotations, however, being mainly from the Septuagint version. 4. None that we know of.

It is reported that Robert Ingersoll, in one of his recent speeches in New York, said that David starved two wives. Will you please tell me if it is spoken of in the Bible, and where I can find such a statement? A. E. W.

Mr. Ingersoll has exclusive information on that subject (if, indeed, he made the statement). We must refer you to him.

Where can I find a story or novelette entitled "The Bishop's Vagabond"? I read it some years ago, but have forgotten where I found it. L. E. T.

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